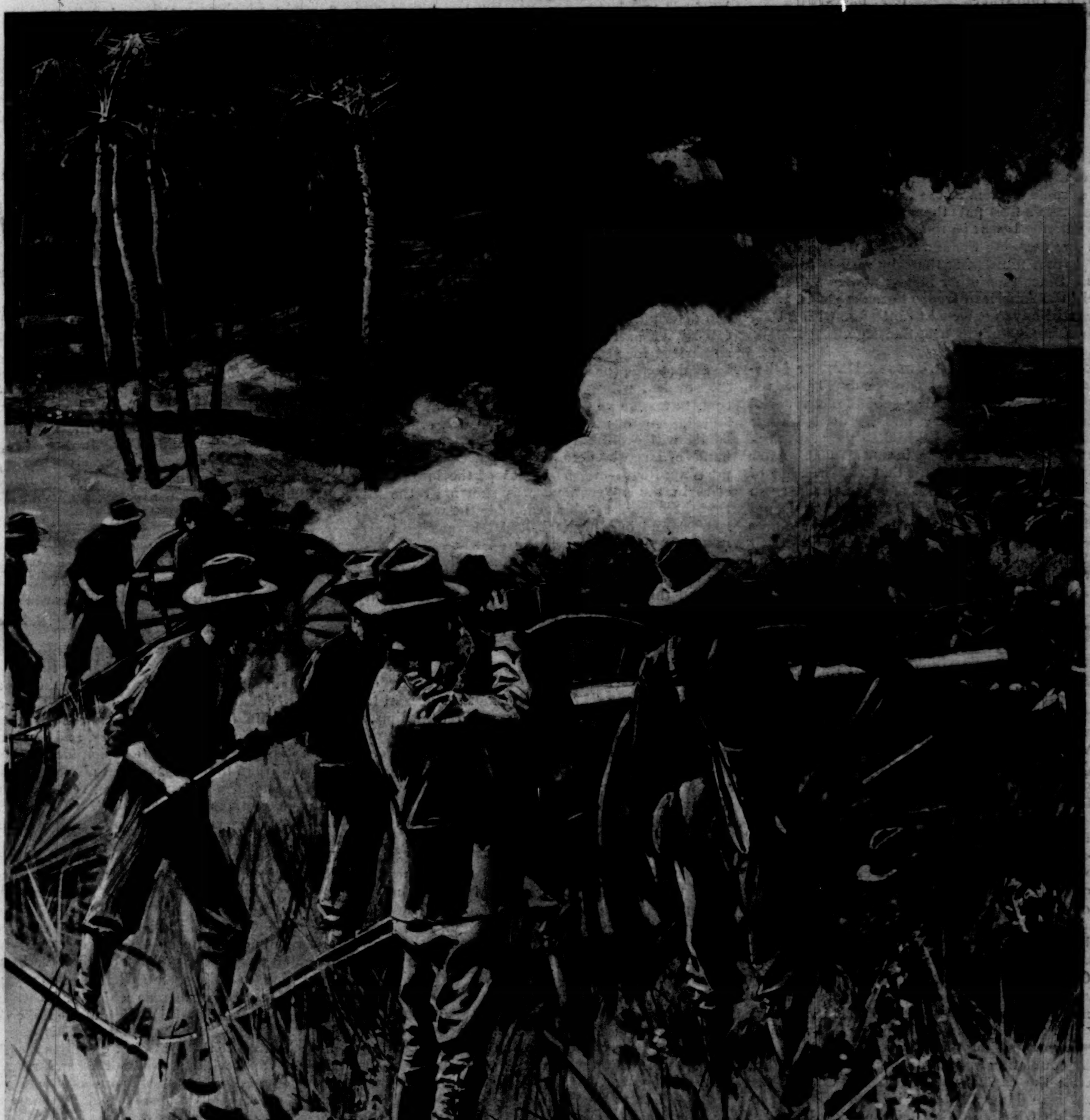
GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
22 JUL 1898

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2170. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898. TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.
Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.



SANTIAGO DE CUBA—FIELD-ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 23, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN,
	AND OTHERS.

Mr. FOX *and Mr.* REMINGTON *are now with General* SHAFTER'S *Army, Messrs.* MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are on their way to the Philippines, Mr.* HUNT *is with the Cubans, and Mr.* MARTIN *at St. Thomas.*

IT is well to record the fact that many of our Cuban allies are worse than worthless. The conduct of some of them at the time of the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet puts them outside of the pale of civilization. It will be remembered that they fired upon the escaping Spaniards, and were only prevented from murdering them by a shell from the *Iowa*. Since then other insurgents have declined to help the American troops to make roads, while others still have neglected to interfere with a body of marching Spaniards near Santiago.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL JUDSON HARMON delivered an excellent address the other day, before the Ohio Bar Association, on the subject of territorial expansion by this country, and he uttered some phrases which are so significant, so pregnant with meaning, that we give them to our readers. After laying down the proposition that our increase of territory heretofore has been merely to make room for our people, he said: "Mere expansion is not growth, it is only swelling; we may push across the seas, but we cannot grow there. Elephantiasis is not an unknown form of national malady, and is always fatal. There are still chapters of English history to be written." And we may add that the most intelligent English statesmen, in contemplating that history, have already come to the conclusion that England's colonies are not now of advantage to England herself.

IT is greatly to be regretted that injudicious newspapers and political friends of Commodore SCHLEY are trying to make trouble between him and Admiral SAMPSON. We trust that we are not mistaken in assuming that Commodore SCHLEY disapproves of this endeavor to honor him in discrediting his commanding officer. Wild and extravagant talk about Commodore SCHLEY'S exploit at Santiago ought to stop. He has been the first, indeed, to admit that he did not plan or lead the battle or gain the victory. The alertness and readiness of the fleet were due to the vigilance and wisdom of the commanding officer, and, when the enemy appeared our ships went after his ships, each largely on its own account, the captains of the *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Oregon*, and WAINWRIGHT of the *Gloucester*, winning as many honors as SCHLEY. If there was any plan, it was made in advance by Admiral SAMPSON, so that if any one is entitled to the honors of the event it is Admiral SAMPSON. In saying this we think we are expressing the conviction and sentiment of nearly, if not quite, all the captains of the fleet. Commodore SCHLEY is in danger of being injured by his superserviceable friends of the daily press. It might possibly be to his own advantage if he were to succeed in putting a stop to the preposterous claims that have been made on his behalf, and which he himself admits to be unsubstantial. His flag-ship, the *Brooklyn*, it is true, received the brunt of the Spanish attack, because CERVERA had ordered her assailed because it was supposed that the Spanish ships could outrun the other vessels of our fleet. That Commodore SCHLEY is entitled to honors that will reflect on his commanding officer because he successfully repelled this attack, forcing the *Colon* ashore, is preposterous. He certainly would not have been held responsible if the Spanish fleet had escaped.

THE campaign in Cuba has ended gloriously by the surrender of Santiago de Cuba. We say gloriously, notwithstanding the errors and faults that marked the beginning and the conduct of it, errors and faults which have resulted in an enormous loss of life, and may be followed by the death of many good soldiers from yellow fever. We have been fortunate in the character and condition of our enemy. He was worn out, and he had ceased to be enterprising, if, indeed, he ever was that. That he was brave is a matter of course. We have been especially fortunate in the character and conduct of our regular army officers and soldiers, who bore the brunt of the fighting, and who are distinctly entitled to the honors of the campaign. We say this without in any way reflecting upon the character of the volunteers, who did their duty as well as raw troops can be expected to do it—better, indeed, than raw troops of any other country in the world. That the regulars excelled them is due to the fact that they are trained to the business of fighting, and this training, added to the character which is conspicuous also in the volunteers, and which can be most shortly and perhaps best described as American, gives us, considering the size of our regular army, probably the best fighting force in the world. If Spain does not recognize in this blow the end of the war, it is true indeed, as has been said by an English paper, that the ways of the Spaniard are beyond comprehension.

THE bids for the government bonds were opened on the 14th of July, and the result of the bidding was most satisfactory, the bidders numbering more than 300,000. The total subscriptions for the $200,000,000 of bonds that are to be issued was for $1,325,000,000. This and the other figures that we cite are, of course, not exactly accurate, but as nearly so as is possible at this writing, for the popular character of the loan, so far as the bidding can determine that, is shown by the fact that about $90,000,000 of the bonds will go to persons who subscribed for $500 or less. As the allotments will be made to the lowest bidders, all who have bid for $500 or less will get their bonds, and outside of that, to no one will more than $10,000 of bonds be issued. As a matter of course, however, these bonds will eventually make their way into the hands of large holders, who are already offering a premium for them. The faith of the large financiers in the government was shown by the fact that there were two bids each for the whole $200,000,000, and one for $100,000,000 at a slight premium. Thus the people of the United States, who govern its policy, and the financiers, who have the interests of their clients to consider, have expressed their abiding faith not only in the ability of this government to pay every obligation it enters into, but in the substantial nature of its future financial policy.

CONGRESS is not very generous in dealing out honors and rewards for meritorious services in the field. Whatever it does by way of recognition of the heroes of the war in the army and navy is either insufficient, or, so far as the navy is concerned, is at the expense of other officers of the service. The country pays nothing for these rewards. For instance, in the navy an officer who has performed a heroic deed, like that performed by HOBSON, is promoted by being advanced certain numbers—that is, he is jumped over the heads of a number of other officers and placed in front of them, thus retarding their natural promotion, and preventing, perhaps, some of them from reaching the grade of rear-admiral. It is a gain for him, of course, but it is a grave injustice to the officers whom he skips, many, if not all, of whom would have been glad of the opportunity to render the service which he rendered. Neither they nor any one else would complain of the honor done to HOBSON or his advancement, but why is it necessary that the country should make these officers pay the debt of honor which it owes? The only just method of advancing an officer like HOBSON is to promote him to the grade above, either in the staff or line, as he may prefer, and to increase that grade and every grade above it by one number, so that while he is honored no one suffers injustice. Probably this would be the course pursued if it were not for the fact that the politicians in Congress are afraid that the country is so mean that it would resent the addition of another salary to the navy list. That is all that there is to be said in favor of the present system that we know of. In the army no permanent promotion is possible under the present system of Congressional command. If a regular-army officer performs a gallant service, he may, indeed, be given brevet rank in the regular army, but that carries no additional pay, and is a very cheap kind of honor. He may also be advanced in the volunteer service; but that is only a temporary reward, for when the volunteer army goes out of service the regular officer must return to his old rank in the regular service. The fact is that while so far in this war the politicians in Congress have honored DEWEY properly, they have refused to do anything else of real value for either service, contenting themselves at the last with helping some newspapers breed trouble between Commodore SCHLEY and Admiral SAMPSON; and if the politicians are closely watched, this record which they have made with respect to the two services will continue to furnish an excellent criterion by which to judge of their patriotism.

THE special session of the Legislature of New York was needed to give legal authorization to acts of the government of the State made necessary by the war, and to provide for contingencies not foreseen at the time of the adjournment. All that could have been done in a few days, and without opposition. It is to be supposed that the Democrats in the State Legislature have laid to heart a lesson which is very familiar to reading men, but had to be learned anew by the Democrats in the present Congress. That is, the lesson that factious opposition to the conduct of a war is the surest means of political suicide. The opposition of the Democrats in Congress has been very factious. It is true that they had so much excuse for it as could be furnished by the evidence of a determination on the part of the majority to "make political capital" out of the war. To the Democratic Senators and Representatives who had for years been picking the quarrel with Spain, and offering resolutions recognizing the Cuban Republic, while steadfastly opposing any preparation for the war which such recognition would inevitably have brought, it was no doubt a grievance that the Republicans should take possession of their own particular quarrel. Nevertheless, they should have borne themselves warily even under this affliction. Particularly they should have abstained from endeavoring to cripple the army by refusing those means of increasing it which all the experts agreed upon as the best possible means. Unfortunately they took counsel not of their reasons, but of their passions, and of Mr. BAILEY of Texas. By so doing they have put themselves in the same category with the members of the Hartford Convention in 1814 and with the opponents of the annexation of Texas in 1845, and they can look forward through an interminable vista of opposition. It is not to be supposed that this awful example has been lost upon Democratic politicians operating in smaller spheres than that of the nation. The extra session would have been brief and harmonious if it had been restricted to its proper purpose.

It was the Governor who injected into it matters foreign to that purpose. The call for the extra session specified as its objects not only the appropriation of money for war expenses, and the making of provision for the votes of New York troops in the South, Cuba, the Philippines, and elsewhere—which is an object of more solicitude to the government than to the troops—but also the making of laws which should enable him, the Governor, to manage elections in the city of New York. He did not, naturally, put it quite so bluntly as this, but this is what it comes to. The pretext for this legislation is the recent reorganization by the Mayor of the Police Commission, which, very improperly, is charged with the conduct of elections in the city. It is not unlikely that that reorganization, including the appointment of a tainted chief of police, had reference to the conduct of elections, though its chief purpose is understood to have been the reopening to policemen and to Tammany politicians of sources of income which had been closed under the honest administration of the Police Board by Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT and his associates. In order to take the control of elections away from the local authorities, it was necessary for the Governor to recommend an evasion of the Constitution of the State. This he does not hesitate to do. There is one, and only one, redeeming circumstance in the situation, and that is the evidence it affords that the Governor and the boss, Senator PLATT, have "fallen out." The action of the Mayor in displacing the Republican member of the Police Board was at first very actively resented by the representatives of the boss. But although no official announcement to that effect has been made, it is supposed that one of the appointments to the vacancies thus made was dictated by Mr. PLATT, and that his pacification has been accomplished. The Governor's proposal to take personal charge of the elections in the city shows that he is not necessarily pacified when the boss is pacified. The whole public value of his performance lies in that demonstration, which is indeed of good augury for that majority of the people of New York which does not live by politics.

NO EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE.

THERE is some apprehension expressed in London lest the war between this country and Spain extend beyond the scope limited by the resolutions of Congress, until it shall interest and include other powers. These apprehensions are felt by our friends—by our only friends in Europe who control, or even influence, their government. On the other hand, there are on the Continent some who seem to be doing all in their power to compel an enlargement of the field of war by seeking their own aggrandizement through the defeat of Spain and the loss of her colonies. The Emperor of Germany is chief among these; indeed, his is the only government that is openly showing a disposition to interfere with this country in its conduct and conclusion of the war, although we have little doubt that he is generally sympathized with by the men of politics of the Continent, and that we are saved from greater annoyance and more imminent danger than we have yet encountered by reason of the friendship which Great Britain manifests towards us.

The pretence by which European interference in our affairs is to be excused is that as we have set up the MONROE doctrine against European interference on this hemisphere, Europe would be excusable for setting up a corresponding doctrine against us. Stated in general terms, we shall be obliged to admit the soundness of this proposition, and if we insist upon going beyond the expressed pledge which Congress voluntarily gave when we entered upon this war, and upon forcibly and unreasonably annexing the Philippine Islands, we shall be forced to abandon the MONROE doctrine. That doctrine is perhaps incompatible with the position, the duties, and the rights of an aggressive world-power. But this question is not yet raised. We have not yet come to it, and it is to be hoped that we shall never reach it. It is conceivable that, against our will, and for the perfection of the security against the future which we shall have the right to demand from Spain at the close of the war, we may be compelled to assume the government of the Philippines. We hope that this will not be a consequence of the war; but if it should, we cannot admit that we must therefore abandon our doctrine because we are driven into Asiatic or European territory by force of circumstances. In only one instance can we conceive that the MONROE doctrine must fall by reason of our annexation of Spanish territory. If we deliberately take that territory by conquest, and merely to increase our territory, we cannot consistently longer contend that Europe must refrain from taking American territory, or from making war upon an American people for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement, or to impose upon them a European government.

As matters stand, we are not engaged in a war of the character against which the MONROE doctrine is directed. We are not waging a war for the purpose of imposing our government upon a foreign people. The WEEKLY did not believe that the war should have been begun, but the country decided otherwise, and on grounds which make the war, in international law at all events, a just war. The last power to combat this proposition ought to be the very one that is showing itself most eager to interfere. If the Emperor WILLIAM will consult BISMARCK on this point, or if he will even reflect upon the revelations which the Chancellor has volunteered concerning his view of the ethical value of lying and forgery as an excuse for war, he will be forced to the conclusion that Germany will always find it difficult to declare any war entered into by another nation to be unjust. However that may be, and whatever may have been the motives of some of the politicians and newspapers that urged on the war, the people of this country, the people who are fighting and paying for the war, believe that it is a righteous contest, entered into for the cause of humanity, and while that motive governs and determines the moral character of conduct, this war will be judged a just one in the tribunal of nations. We are using the term "just war," be it understood, wholly in the technical sense of the authorities on international law, for we are inquiring merely into our international status in view of the war. We can, of course, change the character of the war by turning it into a war of conquest and aggrandizement; but we have not yet done that, and no nation has the right to assume that we shall do so. Talk of interference, then, on the ground that we are doing in the Pacific what we refuse to permit Europe to do in the Atlantic, is based upon a mistake as to the character of our war, or upon a misunderstanding of the MONROE doctrine, for that doctrine does not prohibit a European power from asserting its rights against an American people.

We have as yet given no cause for interference nor for threats of interference, and we cannot permit Europe, or any European power, to insist upon taking part in our future negotiations with Spain for peace. We are not kept out of European waters, or European affairs, for that matter, by our assertion of the MONROE doctrine, nor are we to be treated as if we were a party to European complications because we are at war with a European power. We may hereafter involve ourselves in European complications if we deliberately thrust our own frontier among the frontiers of Europe in the East; but for the present we are dealing with Spain alone, and we shall insist upon settling with Spain, without the intrusion of Germany or of any other European power. When the time comes for making peace, the fate of Spain's colonies will be determined by agreement between Spain and the United States, and we shall not permit the fruits of victory to be parcelled out among non-participants in the combat as the fruits of Russia's victory over Turkey were divided by the Berlin Congress.

It has been intimated, even in this country, that the United States might well imitate the quiet and submissive example of Russia on that occasion. There seems to us to be every reason why we should do nothing of the kind. In the first place, it is not at all certain that Russia's quiescence and submissiveness were real, or that Lord BEACONSFIELD was as successful as he and his admirers supposed. Contemporaneous history teaches otherwise. In the second place, there is no analogy whatever between the relation of Russia to the rest of Europe in 1878 and the relation of the United States to continental Europe to-day. Russia had entered upon her war with Turkey for the purpose of enforcing reforms which the concert of Europe, including Russia, had vainly demanded of Turkey. Although Russia made war without consultation with her associate powers, she was, in fact, the champion of the Christian powers for the righting of the wrongs inflicted by the Sultan upon his Christian subjects. Therefore there was some reason for a consultation of the interested powers concerning the settlement of the sequences of the war. Even so, the congress was not held until Russia had formally accepted BISMARCK'S invitation, and had agreed to leave to the congress the task of revising the whole treaty of San Stefano. Moreover, the relations between the powers of Europe on the Eastern question were very close, and their common interest in it had been recognized in more than one treaty. In the case of ourselves and Spain there are no special relations or conditions, and no agreement that changes in any respect the rules of international law affecting the subject. The question is between the two powers engaged in war. When the time for peace comes the two contestants will have the right to settle their differences without interference from any other power, unless that interference shall be invited or assented to by both. If, for example, we shall insist that Spain surrender the Philippines, it would be as hostile on the part of the German Emperor if he were to take sides against our contention as it would be now if he were to undertake to prevent Admiral DEWEY and General MERRITT completing the conquest of Manila. We are sorry that we are at war; but, as we are, it is our war, and we shall insist on settling it in our own way. We cannot permit any European power to question our good faith, or to dictate what shall be our conduct towards our conquered enemy. As for that, there is nothing in our history that tends to show that we shall be anything but generous.

THE COMING QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

As the sundry civil bill, including the expense item, has become law, it is in order for the President to appoint commissioners to represent the United States at the coming conference for settling outstanding matters of dispute between this country and Canada. The time is propitious, as the evidence of mutual good feeling between both peoples and governments is unmistakable. The Canadians manifestly share Great Britain's sympathy with us, and show every indication of friendliness. If they are met in an equally friendly spirit the conference will have all those conditions precedent of success which spring from a conciliatory temper on both sides. By the necessities of diplomacy we cannot treat directly with Canada, which has not the status of an independent power; but England has, by the high character of the commissioners appointed, shown the imperial estimate of pending questions, as well as Canada's right to an important share in their determination. Lord HERSCHELL, who was Lord High Chancellor in Mr. GLADSTONE'S last two administrations, is the British member of the commission, while the Dominion is represented by Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Sir LOUIS DAVIES, and Mr. JOHN CHARLTON.

It is fortunate that the questions in dispute are to be considered at one time and in subordination to a general plan, for each of them has long been a local and separate irritant, and has been taken up apart from its relation to the general convenience of both countries. Reciprocal trade relations have been brought before Congress seven or eight times by Canadian commissioners, but under variable and conflicting circumstances; political moods and party necessities on both sides have prevented an equitable treatment of the question. The Atlantic fisheries, the Alaskan boundary, the alien labor laws, the mining regulations, and the bonding privilege have each been discussed, but have never got to the stage which left no final arrangement to be desired. All these can now be considered in their proper order and relation. It is realized by the Canadians that access to our market is indispensable to their highest commercial welfare, but it is less likely that our own people perceive the value of freer trade with the five and a half millions of our northern neighbors, and of its relative superiority and capacity for growth as compared with Central and South America. There is no comparison between the purchasing ability of the Latin Americans and the Canadians.

It is not improbable that international co-operation in the future development of the great waterways may also be considered at the conference. Not only does the reciprocal use of existing canals need readjustment, but it is clearly perceived by experts on both sides that each country can do material service for the other in the enlargement of waterways in the near future. Reports of the joint commission on this subject are emphatic and instructive. It is also gratifying that the spirit of mutual concession should have been brought to bear at a time when the need of increased markets for our exports is more urgent than ever before. The protest of the Merchants' Association of this city against the Senate committee's action in striking out the appropriation for the Quebec Conference Commission was a suggestive proof of the value our business men place upon expansion of our trade with Canada. Now is the time for better commercial relations and a general settlement of difficulties, and if the Canadians are prepared to give a fair equivalent for what they expect to get, the approaching negotiations have an excellent chance of success.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, July 9.—Major-General Miles sailed for Santiago on the *Yale*. With him is the Sixth Massachusetts. The *Columbia* accompanies the *Yale*, and carries the first battalion of the Sixth Illinois. The expedition numbers in all 1720 men.

Six of the war-ships of Admiral Camara's squadron have returned to Port Said on their way back to Spain.

A complete report sent by General Shafter shows our losses on July 1 and 2 to have been 1593 killed, wounded, and missing.

"There have been no propositions advanced by the Spaniards regarding Santiago that we can accept," Secretary Alger said to-night. It is understood that the Spanish commander, General Toral, after consulting with his superiors at Madrid and Havana, has suggested terms (offering to evacuate Santiago if General Shafter will permit him to depart unmolested with all his troops, arms, banners, etc.), whereas President McKinley requires unconditional surrender. General Toral made his offer to-day in a note to General Shafter, and, a despatch adds, "recommended that the terms be accepted, as no others would be satisfactory." He considerately added that any attempt to conquer the city must cost the Americans enormously in the matter of lives, for he had been re-enforced, and now had plenty of ammunition. Resistance, he said, would be long as well as strong, because, as he slyly intimated, by sending out all the poor of Santiago to be fed by the Americans, he had enabled himself to provision his garrison for an indefinite time. The truce has been extended until noon to-morrow. Six batteries of Randolph's light artillery, now arriving, will occupy positions overlooking the Spanish lines and the city before the end of next week. The distribution of troops composing our line may be roughly indicated as follows: On the right, Lawton's division (Ludlow's, Chaffee's, and Myers's brigades) and Wheeler's cavalry division (First and Tenth and Rough Riders); centre, Bates's brigade; left, Kent's brigade. It is reported that the Spaniards are digging trenches in the streets of Santiago, and otherwise preparing for a house-to-house fight.

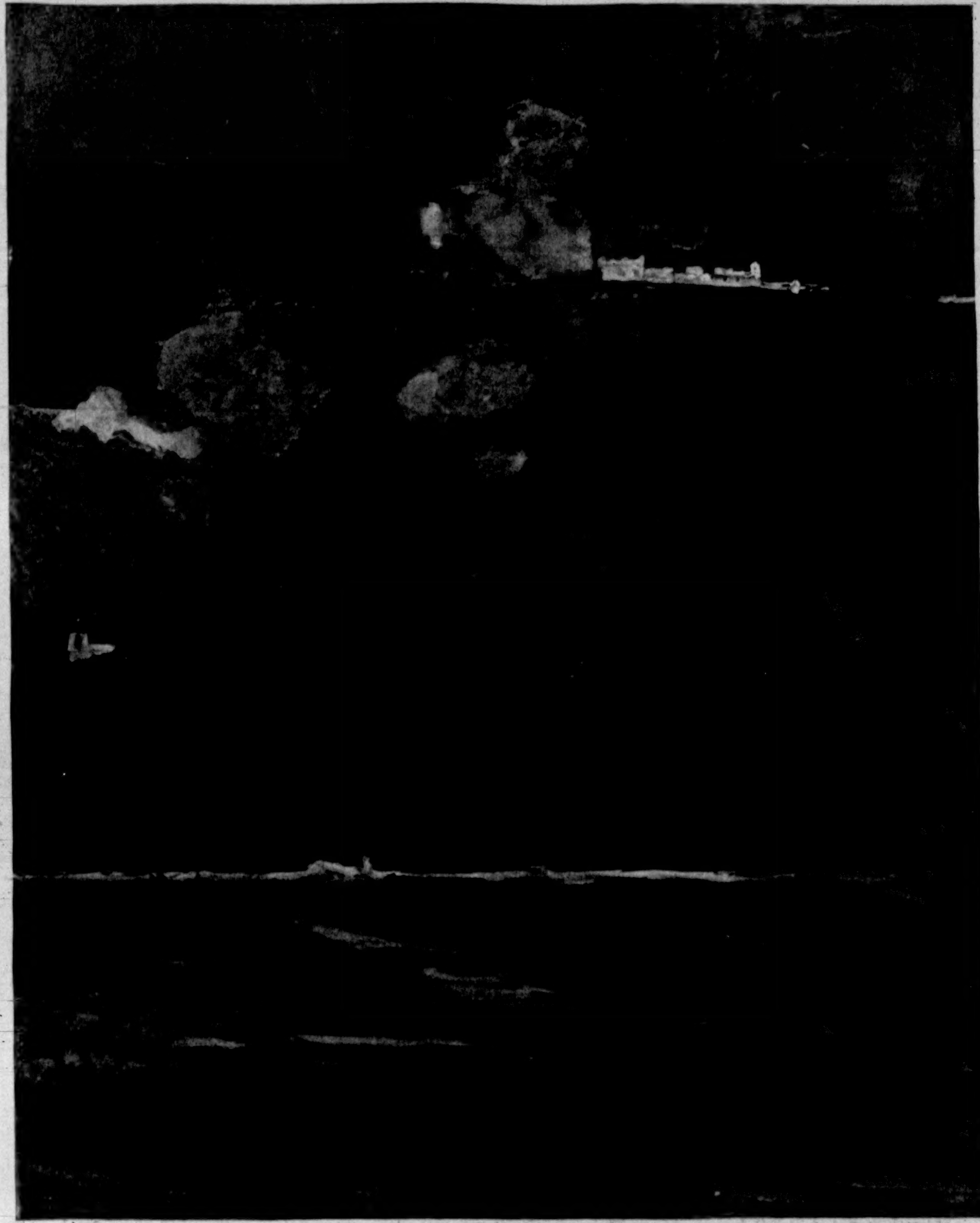
Sunday, July 10.—At 11.30 o'clock this morning General Shafter notified the Spanish commander that by President McKinley's direction the Spanish proposition to surrender with the conditions mentioned under date of July 9 was rejected, and that the United States would accept no terms but unconditional surrender. General Toral replied in effect that he would discuss no other terms than those suggested by himself. In view of this correspondence the truce was extended until four o'clock, in fact the attack, which was intrusted chiefly to the artillery, did not begin until after five o'clock, when the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana*, lying off Aguadores, threw shells over the cliffs in an effort to reach the city, about five miles distant and hidden from

(*Continued on page 711.*)

MOVING ON SANTIAGO—DESTRUCTION OF THE FORT AT AGUADORES, JULY 1.

The "Suwanee's" three splendid Shots: the first tilted the Flag-staff; the second tore the Flag in two; the third carried it away.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.



NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENCES, JULY 2.

Effect of Fire from the Fleet on Fort Morro, 6.30 a.m.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

SPANISH PRISONERS FROM ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET AT SEAVEY'S ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Captain Emilio Diaz Mareau, of the "Cristobal Colon," checking off the Names of the Men of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon."

"Gloucester." "New York." "Suwanee." 33d Michigan Volunteers Attacking on Land.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO, JULY 1—COMBINED SEA AND LAND ATTACK AT AGUADORES.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

THIS BUSY WORLD

WRITING in *Literature* of Mr. Godkin's *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy*, Mr. Henry James speaks of its author as having conducted, these thirty-five years, "the journal which, in all the American press, may certainly be said to have been—and independently of its other attributes—the most systematically and acutely observant." That means, of course, the *Nation*, which was started in 1864, and it certainly has been "systematically and acutely observant," however opinions may differ as to its ability to see the whole of anything, or even to see things straight. As a social and political critic, Mr. Godkin fills a conspicuous place in this country, and if he lacks anything in perspicacity or sympathy or candor, he makes it up in vigilance, and in the possession of an equipment which makes his strictures interesting even to those who most resent them, and which affords him the means for frequent and often edifying comparisons.

How far the *Nation* has been merged in the *Evening Post*, and whether it still maintains the importance that it possessed when it was the only vehicle of Mr. Godkin's deliverances, is best known to its owners. In view of its success, and of the apparent success and importance of the British weeklies that resemble it, it seems odd that it has not had more rivals in this country. Most of our more important unillustrated weeklies of general circulation began as religious papers and developed a secular side. That was the case with the *Outlook* and the *Independent*. Our literary weeklies and fortnightlies for the most part stick close to literature. One of the brightest of them, the *Chap-Book*, has enlarged its field, flirts a little with illustration, and seems ready to take notice of almost anything that is noticeable. But the *Nation* continues to be the nearest thing we have to the secular British weekly, devoted to politics, literature, art, and social questions, and with something on its mind that needs expression.

Most of us believe we have a pretty good idea of what happened in the principal fights, both on land and on sea, near Santiago, but a multitude of rumors about various little supplementary differences have been hard either to verify or to trace to any conclusion. We have been invited, first and last, to take sides in a great many highly interesting personal disputes. We have been assured that General Merritt and Secretary Alger could not agree, that the Secretary and General Miles did not work well together, that General Miles and General Shafter were mutually jealous, and that General Shafter and Admiral Sampson found co-operation very difficult. What bases of truth there may have been to any or all of these stories, and others like them, we don't know, and are not eager to learn. The war has gone on somehow, and that is what we want. We can wait till it is over before we really settle down to gossip.

When that good time comes we can afford to consider that story about the disparity of opinion between Mr. R. H. Davis and General Shafter about the conduct of affairs at Santiago. Then too we may tackle another and more serious matter, which is not so easily deferred. We have been assured that there was a disparity of sentiment between Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley as to which of them beat Cervera's fleet. About the facts of the fight there has been no question, and it would seem to ordinary thinkers that, the facts being universally known, the equities as to glory and promotion might be left to be determined by the proper authorities. But we have been assured that Sampson suppressed Schley's message to Washington, and that the relations between Sampson and Schley were painfully strained. Also that Sampson and Schley understood each other and the situation, and were getting on well. This last report is the one we hope to see verified.

At home too, and outside of the army and navy, some nice squabbles have matured, especially, as usual, among the newspapers. The *Sun* says that the news of most of its rivals is inadequately based on occurrences, and in particular the *Evening Sun* has proclaimed that an interview with Admiral Cervera published in the New York *Herald* of July 11 was a lie. The *Herald's* story of what Admiral Sampson said to Commodore Schley also failed to win the confidence of its neighbors, while the *Herald's* story that Admiral Erben was relieved from command of the coast defences because he was slow in obeying the orders of the Navy Department is scornfully denied, and apparently on the best of grounds, by the Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*.

The newspapers are very interesting these days, and we read them voraciously, and compare their conflicting statements with unusual attention. Since the war broke out, the rival purveyors of news in New York, where newspaper rivalry is so very keen, have been on trial under conditions unusually favorable to the recognition of good work. The information that has been wanted has been of the sort that the cleverest and most ambitious correspondents could feel professional pride in furnishing. To get it and forward it has been man's work. Blatherskite sensations haven't counted for much, and trustworthy news well presented has counted for a great deal. There are some evidences of a disposition to return to some old-time habits and methods of presenting the news. There are prosperous and successful papers in New York, quite abreast of their fellows in enterprise, which meddle very little with pictures, use moderation in their choice of types, eschew the "crazy-quilt" arrangement of the wares they offer, and seem to rely for patronage on their ability to get the news promptly and print it in convenient and readable form. Willingness and ability to spend money is not quite all there is to newspaper-making. There is something in character and the ability to command the services of honorable and trustworthy men; something too in knowing what is important and what is not, what is true and what is false, what is worth space and what may be condensed without loss. Last spring a New York newspaper of great enterprise and a high reputation for news-getting, famous for its lavish expenditures for news, cut down Senator Proctor's report on Cuba to a column-length. Yet that report, which cost it practically nothing, was news of superlative importance, worth twice the space it would have taken to print it in full. The same newspaper, the other day, when the President appointed some two hundred lieutenants in the regular army, published the names of the appointees by States as far as Massachusetts, and left the rest out, because, apparently, to print more would have marred the prettiness of the arrangement of its page. That sort of newspapering does better in ordinary times, when folks want to be entertained, than now when they want to be informed. Meanwhile every sign that the newspaper business is winning out of the hysterical stage which has affected it so seriously in the present decade is welcome. Good newspapers may not make a country great, but they will help mightily. Newspapers that are intelligent, decent, accurate, responsible, and interesting are great promoters of civilization. In so far as the competition for war news and the treatment of it when obtained brings out the strong points of the really strong newspapers it is a good thing, and a benefit to a very important business.

The Board of Aldermen of Cambridge seems favorably disposed towards a curfew ordinance providing that children under sixteen years old shall not be in the streets after half past nine in the evening unless accompanied by a parent or guardian, or furnished with a note written the same day authorizing them to be away from home. This ordinance, which has progressed so far as enrolment, has a majority of five to three behind it, and its effects are likely to be tried. Its enforcement will call for much discretion on the part of the police, and the experience that Cambridge has with it will doubtless influence the action of other New England cities. The objection is made that Cambridge is too much of a city for the ordinance to be enforced without hardship, but Cambridge is not too much of a city to tolerate a no-license law, and where a no-license law gives public satisfaction a curfew ordinance may work well too.

The Boston *Transcript* has been publishing long lists of liberal subscriptions to the Massachusetts Volunteer Aid Association, which seems to be very active and efficient both in sending relief and supplies to soldiers in the field and in looking after soldiers' families that are in need. On a single day (July 12) the *Transcript* acknowledged subscriptions for this work amounting to nearly $9000, the largest single item being $2741 63 from the Massachusetts Association Opposed to Further Extension of Suffrage to Women. Evidently the organized "antis" have a mind to show that they are not lacking in patriotism, whatever views they hold about the expediency of allowing women to vote. The Volunteer Aid Association has rooms on Mount Vernon Street, in Boston, which form a distributing centre for supplies received from tributary societies in all parts of the State. The association is fitting out a hospital-ship.

Although the Chicago papers reported that President Andrews of Brown University had refused to be any longer a candidate for the superintendency of the Chicago public schools, he has been elected. Politics seemed to have abounded overmuch in that contest. An important ground of opposition to Mr. Lane, the late superintendent, is that he introduced Republican politics into the schools, and that an influential recommendation of President Andrews was that he believed in the Chicago platform. School superintendents ought not to be chosen on account of their political leanings, and it is to Dr. Andrews's credit that a political contest for pedagogical office was distasteful to him.

A contemporary paragrapher makes the "serious complaint" that there are very few places in New York "where you can take a lady for supper at midnight without rubbing elbows with boisterous women who are not recognized in good society." That seems an amusing charge, easily met by the suggestion that the need for taking a lady out to supper at midnight must occur so rarely that the maintenance of even a few respectable late-hour restaurants should be sufficient to meet it. New York has been declared to be the easiest place in the world to get food in at night, being in that particular in strong contrast to London. A man who expects to find not only an elaborate supper for a lady after midnight, but improving society as well, seems extortionate in his expectations.

Our Cuban allies seem to be many men of many minds and various conduct; at least the reports we have of them give that impression. There is great variety about the reports. One day we hear that the Cubans fight nobly; again that they are not of much use; again that being invited to help in road-making, they refused, declaring that they were soldiers, not laborers. We have heard that they massacred Spanish prisoners, and again that that report was a lie. It is not only hard to determine what the Cubans that our troops have seen amount to, but it is hard to say also how far they are representative of what is left of the Cuban people. They seem chiefly to be skirmishers, under slight discipline, fighting every man on his own hook, interested in the American invaders, and careful to gather up clothing and other superfluities that the invaders throw away. We are told that they are starved, and again that they are well fed. Both reports are probably true, but true of different lots of Cubans. Obviously it is too soon yet to form any opinion about them.

The investigations of the loss of *La Bourgogne* will be followed with great interest. The impression that there was mismanagement and failure to do what was reasonably to be expected follows naturally on the stories of the survivors and consideration of the dreadful loss of life. Still, the stories of the survivors are conflicting. Murderous brutality on the part of individuals is attested beyond the reach of question, but about the conduct of the officers and crew the information informally gathered was inconclusive. The fact that all the officers of the ship were drowned except the assistant purser weighs in favor of belief in their personal gallantry at least. There are likely to be at least two investigations—the one at Halifax which began last week, and another by French authorities. Fifty per cent. of the crew were saved, ten per cent. of the passengers, and one woman out of two hundred. Those are stubborn figures, and it will be interesting to see what the investigators will make of them.

The conviction that the war on the seas is over, and that the end of war ashore is only a matter of time, seems to have released a great number of our fellow-citizens who have wanted to go to Europe, but have wished first to assure themselves as to what was going to happen. Now that most of what was due has happened, the east-bound liners are running full again, and folks who are used to spending their summers abroad have resumed their usual habits.

It will be interesting to see whether among the ultimate results of the war we shall see an increase of travel across the Pacific. Will the Hawaiian Islands attract more visitors now that they are under our flag than they have been used to? And all those other groups and archipelagoes! It happened once to this present paragrapher to navigate a good many thousand miles of the Pacific in a sailing-ship with an enlightened skipper, who abounded in narrative of maritime experience and adventure. One experience he liked to recall was of the time when he put into Guam. It was an emergency visit of some sort. He put in there for repairs or shelter or supplies, but the impression it left on his mind was one of complete tranquillity. When conditions were adverse, as when our ship battled with sou'westers for a continuous fortnight off Cape Horn, he would sigh at the profusion of discomfort and contrast it with Guam. And when things went well, and the trades carried us along up the coast for days together without pulling a rope or changing a sail, he would be reminded of Guam and the serenity of existence there. He insisted that when he retired from active life he would retire to Guam. If his feelings about it were justified, it must be an ideal place for folks to go to who have nervous prostration, or are dismantled for some reason or other, and wish to stop living for a time and let the world jog on without them. If it is to be ours, no doubt in time we shall become better acquainted with its qualities, and possibly we shall hear more of its attractions as a refuge for overwrought Americans who are not quite dead. When the Nicaragua Canal is built, and society in the Pacific looks up a little, that big ocean ought to make a charming play-ground for yachtsmen.

The Nestor of the hour is Senator Hoar of Massachusetts. When he speaks we all listen, and though he is by no means garrulous, when the occasion calls his words are ready. More than once this year his deliverances have brought solace to the faint-hearted, and renewed the confidence of the doubtful that the republic was not going on the rocks. When, in the Senate, he reviewed the situation with Spain, and declined to assent to the view that peace must be maintained at any cost, it comforted the consciences of a great many persons, who were glad to believe that a course which Senator Hoar was not ready to condemn could not be indefensible. When, the other day, he assented to the annexation of Hawaii, and expressed confidence that the consequences of it would not be so far-reaching and mischievous as the opponents of annexation had declared, that too was a great comfort, and moderated the anxieties of the disconcerted. On July 13, at Worcester, at the opening of the summer school of Clark University, he made another speech, which had also some reassuring passages. He spoke of his confidence that the country is growing better; he spoke of the present war as a war of duty, not of glory; he spoke of its effects in reuniting the North and the South, and in bringing America and Britain into closer relations. Then he turned his attention to Professor Norton's allegations that the American people are good-natured optimistic triflers, who have no fine sense of honor, and can't distinguish what is honest from what is not. He said:

> The trouble with Professor Norton, who thinks his countrymen are lacking in a sense of honor, is that there are two things he cannot in the least comprehend—he cannot comprehend his countrymen and he cannot comprehend honor. In a true philosophy the sense of honor and the sense of duty are one. Wordsworth says that "honor is but the finest sense of justice." There never was a people on earth who, in regard to the great subject of public conduct, were actuated by a finer, by a profounder, sense of duty and a clearer sense of justice than the people of the United States in this generation and at this hour.
>
> If we continue to act on the notion which inspired this war in the beginning, we shall hold a place in the solid respect of mankind such as no nation ever held before. We have but one task remaining to us, we have to do once more what Israel Putnam did in the old time—pull the wolf out of his den.

These are bold words, and comfortable. It is somewhat amazing that any one who knows Professor Norton should suggest that he cannot comprehend honor, but that he does not comprehend the American people is by no means incredible. Senator Hoar ought to know the American people and understand them. He has had every opportunity; he has known them at home, and he has met their representatives in Congress for a whole generation. If a man who enjoys his comprehensive and more or less intimate acquaintance with the United States Senate still feels that we Americans are good people, devoted to duty, and growing better, surely we ought to take such comfort as we need about ourselves, and continue to hold our heads up among the nations of the earth.

Which way is Manila—east or west? It's a toss up; but, at any rate, it was there that the largest pan of glory seems to have been set, and Dewey skimmed it. Cervera's fleet has come and gone, and great is the renown of its departure; but, after all, as the unrestricted say, "there is no discount on Dewey." What happened off Santiago was what was expected to happen—expected because of what happened at Manila. What happened at Manila was the bolt out of the blue that makes a real sensation.

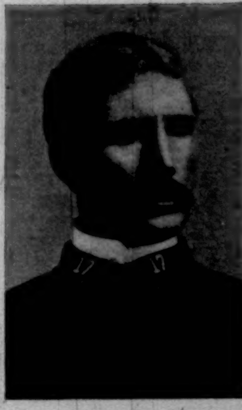
So far as we can judge, we have in our navy at least a dozen captains who ought to be admirals. Those that become admirals will deserve it, as will also a good many of those who don't. Where every commander who has a chance plays it for an admiralship we are bound to conclude that there are many others who lacked only the opportunity to do the same. We must regard our navy, therefore, as an assortment of rudimentary admirals, who failed of due development only because there was not enough of the Spanish navy to go around.

E. S. MARTIN.

CAPT. JOHN DRUM,
10th U. S. Infantry.

CAPT. JAMES FORNANCE,
13th U. S. Infantry.

CAPT. MAXIMILIAN LUNA,
1st Volunteer Cavalry.



1st LIEUT. W. M. DICKINSON,
17th U. S. Infantry.

2d LIEUT. THOS. A. WANSBORO,
2d U. S. Infantry.

2d LIEUT. WILLIAM A. SATER,
13th U. S. Infantry.

2d LIEUT. CLARK CHURCHMAN,
13th U. S. Infantry.
Photograph by Pach.

2d LIEUT. E. N. BENCHLEY,
6th U. S. Infantry.
Photograph by Pach.

SERGT. HENRY ANDERSON,
2d U. S. Cavalry.
Photograph by Pennell.

SERGT. FRANK W. SCOFIELD,
71st N. Y. Volunteers.

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS KILLED IN THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 707.*)

view. Signals from shore announced that the shells fell short of the Spanish position. From Shafter's lines the Spanish defences outside the city wall were fired upon by our field-guns, mortars, Gatling guns, and the dynamite gun of the Rough Riders. The enemy's reply proved to be less vigorous than was anticipated. The official report states that on our side Captain Charles W. Rowell and one private were killed and four wounded.

Monday, July 11.—The First Illinois (1350 men), Eighth Ohio (1350 men), District of Columbia Infantry (915 men), and recruits numbering about 930 for regular regiments in the field are the most recent arrivals.

General Shafter's available force to-day, after counting all re-enforcements, and deducting the dead, sick, and wounded, is about 22,500 fighting-men. This is based on an estimate of 15,337 men in General Shafter's original expedition, and a little more than 10,000 in various expeditions which have gone since then, making in all 25,500 men. From this, however, must be deducted those who have fallen in the fighting thus far, and also the men confined to the hospital by sickness. The deduction is roughly estimated at 3000, leaving in round numbers 22,500 men as the fighting force of the American army before Santiago.

At six o'clock this morning the gunners in the American lines were ordered to open fire upon the Spanish defences and the city. The firing was deliberate and accurate, and the damage to property in the town is supposed to have been very great. The fleet, co-operating with the land forces, found the range by two trial shots from the *New York*, and then threw 106 shells, of which number 101 were effective. The distance was 8500 yards.

The town of Caimanes, northwest of the city, was occupied by our troops under General Ludlow and a force of Cubans.

Tuesday, July 12.—A despatch from headquarters to the Adjutant-General at Washington relates to the extension of our lines northwest of Santiago mentioned in the last paragraph, and contains other matter of especial interest. General Shafter says that a flag of truce has been up since two o'clock yesterday, and adds that Toral is "considering proposition for surrendering, now that I have town surrounded on the north. Lines were completed at 5 P.M. by General Ludlow right down to the bay. The line is rather thin, but will have it strengthened in the morning by General Henry, who has just arrived at headquarters. Only three or four casualties; no one killed, so far as we can learn. Expect to have two new batteries in position to-morrow. Great deal of suffering among the people who have gone out of Santiago. Am doing my best to relieve it, but not entirely successful."

Secretary Alger received a report from General Miles, stating that the latter arrived at Siboney yesterday, and had had "consultation with Admiral Sampson and with General Shafter by telephone." General Miles adds: "Troops brought from Tampa, Charleston, and New York arrived, and leaving for the front. Line of investment being extended."

A despatch filed at eight o'clock this evening says that Toral has again refused General Shafter's proposal for an unconditional surrender, "expressing himself as ready to meet an attack at any time the invading army saw fit to make one."

Wednesday, July 13.—The War Department has made public a despatch from General Shafter, in which he says, among other things: "Have had an interview of an hour and a half with General Toral, and have extended truce until noon to-morrow.... Hope for his surrender. If he refuses, I will open on him at twelve, noon, to-morrow with every gun I have...." General Miles's report to Secretary Alger reads: "At a meeting between the lines, at which Generals Shafter and Wheeler and Spanish General Toral were present, the latter claimed that he is unable to act without authority of his government, but has received authority to withdraw and surrender harbor ports, munitions of war, and eastern portion of Cuba. He urgently requests until to-morrow noon to receive an answer from his government regarding offer of our government to send his forces to Spain, which was granted." Permission to withdraw is refused by the War Department.

Word was received at the War Department that fourteen cases of yellow fever had been reported at Siboney before the destruction of the town by fire yesterday at the request of the Hospital Corps and by order of General Miles.

A third army near Santiago is perhaps more formidable than either Shafter's or Toral's—it comprises the eighteen thousand miserable refugees from the city.

An Associated Press despatch from Hong-kong, July 13 (Manila, July 9), contains the report that the German gunboat *Irene*, in Subig Bay, refused to permit Philippine insurgents to attack Spaniards on Isla Grande. The cruisers *Raleigh* and *Concord* having been sent to that point by Dewey, the former opened fire upon the forts—the *Irene* withdrawing. The Spaniards surrendered. On returning to Manila, the commander of the *Irene* explained that he had interfered "in the cause of humanity," and offered to hand over certain refugees to Dewey. The offer was declined. Additional particulars are contained in a despatch from Admiral Dewey to the Navy Department, received to-day: "Aguinaldo informs me his troops have taken all of Subig Bay except Isla Grande, which he was prevented from taking by German man-of-war *Irene*. On July 7, the *Raleigh* and *Concord* went there. They took the island and about 1300 men, with arms and ammunition. No resistance. The *Irene* retired from the bay on their arrival."

Thursday, July 14.—Toral has surrendered. All that we know positively as yet, in regard to the important fact and its intensely interesting circumstances, the following despatches contain:

PLAYA, *July 14.*

To Adjutant-General at Washington:

Have just returned from interview with General Toral. He agrees to surrender upon the basis of being returned to Spain. This proposition embraces all of eastern Cuba from Aserradero on the south to Sagua on the north, *vià* Palma, with practically the Fourth Army Corps. Commissioners meet this afternoon at 2.30 to definitely arrange the terms.

W. R. SHAFTER, Major-General.

PLAYA, *July 14.*

To Secretary of War at Washington:

BEFORE SANTIAGO, *July 14.*—General Toral formally surrendered the troops of his army, troops and division of Santiago, on the terms and understanding that his troops would be returned to Spain.

General Shafter will appoint commissioners to draw up the conditions of arrangements for carrying out the terms of surrender. This is very gratifying, as General Shafter and the officers and men of this command are entitled to great credit for their sincerity and fortitude in overcoming almost insuperable obstacles which they encountered.

A portion of the army has been infected with yellow fever, and efforts will be made to separate those who are infected and those free from it, and to keep those who are still on board ship separated from those on shore.

Arrangements will be immediately made for carrying out further instructions of the President and yourself.

NELSON A. MILES, Major-General of the Army.

Friday, July 15.—Spanish 4-per-cent. bonds advanced one point in the dealings in the London market, selling at 38⅜. This is taken as indicating a belief on the part of London and Paris traders that peace is in sight, and, it may be added, peace on terms not absolutely ruinous to Spain. On May 9 the price for the bonds registered in London was 29¼. That was the lowest point. The ruling price at the date of the destruction of the *Maine* was 61.

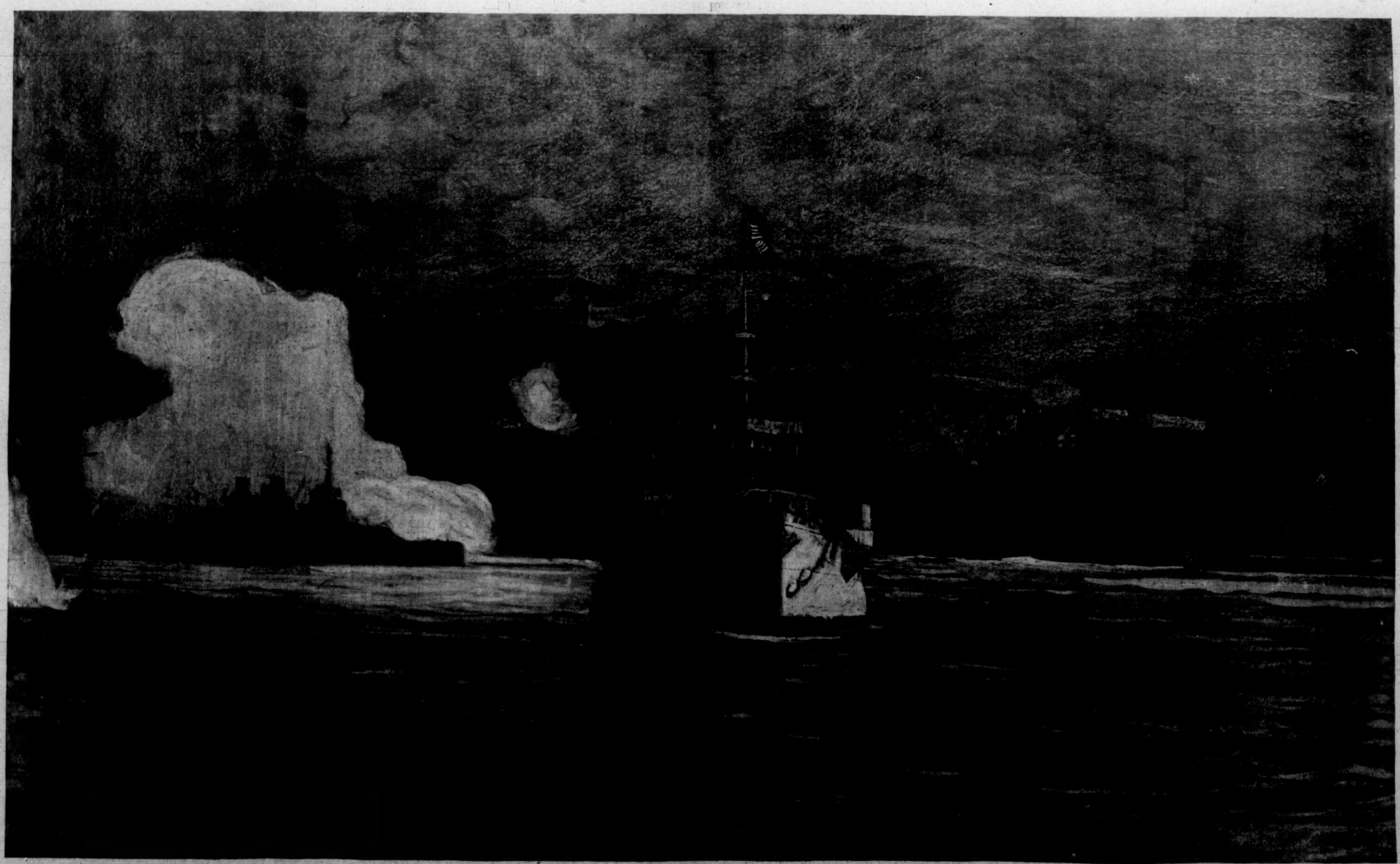
Details that seem meagre, in view of the importance of every phase of the situation at Santiago, are gathered from despatches just arriving. The truce, which was to end at noon yesterday, was prolonged at General Toral's request, communicated at half past nine o'clock, the Spanish commander suggesting the appointment of a joint commission to arrange terms. General Miles and General Shafter appointed an interview. Just before noon they rode out between the lines and met General Toral, who in the mean time had received Captain-General Blanco's authorization to capitulate. General Toral named, as commissioners to represent Spain, Robert Mason the British vice-consul, General Escarajao, and his own chief of staff. General Miles and General Shafter appointed, as our representatives, General Wheeler, General Lawton, and Captain Miley of General Shafter's staff. The terms of surrender, it is said, give us the city of Santiago, and that portion of the province of the same name east of a line drawn from Aserradero northward to Palma, and thence northeast to Sagua de Tánamo and the mouth of the Sagua River. "The Spanish captives are to be sent to Spain by the United States government. Only the Red Cross representatives are to enter the city at once; our troops not to go in until the Spanish forces leave. The Spanish officers are to keep their side-arms." This cession includes all the territory in which our forces have been active, from Aserradero to Guantanamo, and the mountainous district stretching to the Windward Passage and the Old Bahama Channel. It does not embrace the towns of Holguin and Manzanillo, garrisoned by strong bodies of Spanish regulars; but the universal opinion to-day is, beyond question, that the control of eastern Cuba has passed out of Spanish hands forever, and that this is the beginning of the end. Rumors of peace negotiations grow more persistent, although Secretary Day denies the published report that overtures of this nature from Spain have the endorsement of the English, Russian, and Japanese representatives at Washington. President McKinley, in speaking of the fall of Santiago, said: "I hope for early peace now."

Throughout the Spanish peninsula the rights of individuals as guaranteed by the constitution have been temporarily suspended by a royal decree. This means the uniform and resolute application of martial law, together with suppression of the news of disaster, until the government shall feel that the crisis has passed.

Saturday, July 16.—The good news reaches New York at ten o'clock this morning that the articles of surrender have been signed by General Toral, with authorization from Captain-General Blanco.

M. W.

THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA" IN ACTION, LIEUTENANT LOUIS S. VAN DUZER, COMMANDING.
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



"Oregon" wreathed in Smoke. Socapa Battery. "Iowa" waiting off the Entrance for the Spanish Fleet. Cay Smith. Fort Morro. "Newark."

NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO'S HARBOR DEFENCES, JULY 2.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

LONDON.

June 25, 1898.

Evolution of Anglo-American friendship continues to progress. Noisy sentimentalities cease to attract the more thoughtful. Banquets are more appropriate means for the celebration of passing sentiments or for the registration of accomplished facts than for the international expression of deep feeling. The tendency of our race to solemnize emotion with food has naturally been followed in the case of the Anglo-Saxon movement. A large feast has been held to mark the friendly feeling that exists between the two countries. Several eminent personages expressed their approval and staid away. Other more or less distinguished people attended the dinner, spoke at great length, and relapsed into private life. It is not in this fashion that Anglo-Saxon unity will be realized. The best compliment that Englishmen and Americans can pay to each other is for both of them fairly to face the obstacles in the path of an English-speaking union, while individual Englishmen may do much if they make all American visitors to England understand by practical methods that in this country they are not looked on as foreigners. Glowing epithets, eloquent phrases, and tropical imagination have been lavished on the subject of a prospective alliance. The time has come to think ahead, to define the conditions and recognize the difficulties of the case, and to leave the open volume of vague generalities to habitual emotionalists. Neither courage nor sincerity is required at the present moment to scream at the top of one's voice about an Anglo-American understanding. The one really important issue is contained in the resolution of the House of Representatives favoring the annexation of Hawaii by 209 votes against 91.

The opinion of several English statesmen, not given for publication under their names, but expressed in the course of private conversation, is that America, as a whole, does not yet grasp the full significance of her colonial policy, and that the change in the great republic from a self-contained nation to one exercising sway over colonies and dependencies is scarcely appreciated as being what it is—a supreme event to be ranked with the greatest world changes of the last three centuries. It is obviously to the interests of England that America should acquire permanent interests in the Philippines, and should become a colonial power favoring the open door. If an Anglo-American alliance were to be of the nature of the Franco-Russian *entente*, where each party to the engagement is incessantly occupied in trying to get the better of the other, conflict, not union, would be the inevitable result. Accordingly, the best friends of America in England are not those who applaud American action merely because it is likely to benefit this country, but are, rather to be found among men—disinterested and sincere—who care sufficiently for the Anglo-Saxon union to face the pitfalls and difficulties in the way. A hundred examples in the history of British empire contain valuable lessons to American statesmen. If the Americans hold the Philippines they can scarcely keep out of the coming quarrel about the "open door." It is obviously to England's more immediate interests that the States should be involved in the arrangement of a question that is more likely to be settled by the effusion of blood than by the slinging of ink. Whether such an entanglement would be to the interests of America is a matter on which Americans are the best judges. Englishmen most competent to judge do not think that the new imperial policy will, in the long-run, benefit the States.

The question of the control of the Nicaragua Canal and the mending or ending of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is a matter of enormous importance to the United States, whether or not they abjure the fascinations of colonial empire. Once committed to colonization in Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba, the United States will not only be plunged into the trade and politics of the Far East, but American interests will become world-wide. The fiscal question will then have to be faced. It is futile for Englishmen to ignore it. We stand for the "open door" and for the greatest possible freedom of trade in all parts of the world. The flag of England is the flag of a trustee for all nations, for equality of opportunity, and for a fair field and no favor. The fiscal policy of the United States is at present protection in its severest form. England has no business to criticise American fiscal policy at home, but if a joint understanding with America is to be possible, substantial agreement on the subject of the "open door" and the greatest possible freedom of trade in all parts of the world is an indispensable condition to common action between the two countries. If the foundation of an American empire merely means the addition to England's competitors of a new and greater power committed to protection and exclusive dealing, the interests of England would scarcely be subserved by an Anglo-American alliance. If, however, high tariffs, coastwise regulations, and navigation laws are abandoned by the United States in its colonial possessions, fair material for compromise on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty already exists.

The Niger Convention with France has been signed. The arrangement now settled between the two countries is identical with that which was foreshadowed in my February letter to the Weekly. England recovers Boussa; France retains Nikki and a foothold on the upper reaches of the Niger between Say and Ilo. The prolonged negotiations have been extraordinarily difficult. The points in dispute have been fought inch by inch. While the French press, venal and half informed as it is, has consistently supported the negotiators for France, the English members of the Niger Commission have been hampered by the unwisdom of leading English newspapers. On two occasions the French negotiators were on the point of yielding to British representations, when out came a leading article in an important London newspaper declaring that "under no circumstances would England go to war with France about a swamp." French diplomacy naturally seized upon these assertions as evidence that the English negotiators were engaged in a game of bluff. Hence unnecessary friction was introduced into the discussion, which was dangerously prolonged as the direct consequence of well-meaning representatives of the peace-at-any-price party. The one point that is new in the convention is the grant to France of two trading-stations on the Niger—one at the mouth and the other near Boussa. France obtains these stations for thirty years on payment of one franc a year. Strict provisions are laid down—on paper, be it remembered—that the land so leased shall be used exclusively for the purpose of the landing, storage, and shipment of goods, and for such purposes as may be considered subsidiary thereto. The only permanent residents allowed shall be the persons employed in the charge and for the security of such goods, their families, and servants. With the experience of French good faith in West Africa, his would be a sanguine soul that concluded the perennial Niger question is dead and buried. Free-trade stipulations can be evaded by the French, as experience in the French Congo has shown. If precedent be a guide, it will not be long before the French will attempt to utilize these enclaves, as they are called, and employ them as jumping-off places for the development and extension of what French progressives consider to be the glory of France.

An example of the insularity of Frenchmen on the subject of colonial and foreign affairs is offered by the experience of Admiral Maxse, whose interest in this Niger question has been expressed in a powerful and searching examination of the whole question of Anglo-French dispute. The result of Admiral Maxse's investigations was published in the *National Review*, of which Admiral Maxse's son, Mr. L. Maxse, is the editor. With the view of conveying to the French public a knowledge of the facts, Admiral Maxse, who is an accomplished French scholar, translated his article into French and published it in the form of a brochure. The publication of the work was attended by extraordinary difficulties. Four Parisian publishers refused to undertake the job, although the admiral's proposals relieved them of the whole of the expense. The mere fact that the brochure was unfavorable to French pretensions frightened four leading French publishing-houses out of an undertaking profitable to themselves and involving no risk—a telling comment on the extent to which freedom of opinion to-day reigns in France. At last a publisher was found, and the brochure appeared. In a manly and outspoken preface the admiral roundly tells the French people that there is one matter upon which the English can claim superiority over their neighbors—namely, a perennial desire to know the real nature of the views of an opponent. The tone of the brochure is most courteous, and is merely an impartial statement of facts drawn for the most part from official documents or textual citations from leading French newspapers. Commenting upon Admiral Maxse's presentation of the English case, the *Figaro* can discover nothing but "coarse insults," "arrogant assertions without a shadow of evidence," and "calumnies." To reason with the French in their present mood is as hopeless as discussion with an angry but beautiful woman.

The treatment of their imperial inheritance in India by the democracy is notable among the perplexing problems of the day. British electors, the vast majority of whom are wage-earners, are directly responsible for 290,000,000 inhabitants of a distant empire—a burden never borne by imperial Rome in her prime or by imperial Russia to-day. The East India Loan bill, this week before the House of Commons, by which a sterling loan of £10,000,000 is proposed by the Indian Secretary, has raised questions the wise settlement of which is necessary for the continuity of the British Raj. Certain Irish and Radical members of Parliament are doing their utmost to hamper the Indian authorities by coquetting with sedition, and investing political intrigue with the dignity of constitutional agitation. If Clive and Warren Hastings had had their proceedings discussed in the House of Commons in the same spirit as that displayed by a considerable minority of the popular Chamber towards the administration of Lord Elgin, we should never have had an Indian Empire. The burden of taxation per head in India for 1898-9 is only 42 cents. When the average land revenue—there is no rent in India—is added, the amount of taxation at the present exchange value is 80 cents per head per annum. The salt tax, of which so much is made, amounts to 10 cents per head per annum. Since 1877, the year of the last great famine, canals and great irrigation works have received an extension of fourteen thousand miles, and there has been an increase of three and a quarter million acres in the land irrigated. At the present time the irrigated land in India is capable of feeding one hundred and twenty millions of the population. So-called humanitarian interests, unduly represented in the House of Commons, are distinctly modifying the relations which have hitherto subsisted between the Indian government and the legislature. India was won by the sword, is held by the sword, and if democracy is to continue the mastery exercised by the British since the battle of Plassey, Demos must recognize the reality of the fact that behind all the justice, fair dealing, and humanity of the Indian government physical force is still the dominant factor of the situation.

The House of Commons is ignorant, but supreme. Continuity of policy in India is sustained, as in Russia, by the government never going out of office. Individuals change. Party government is unknown. The governing body is subject to a process of incessant and minute alteration. The vast populations which have successively come under British rule have been accustomed to look upon the Indian government as the final authority exercising power for and on behalf of the English sovereign. The Indian bureaucracy has no equal in history, no rival among Latin, Slav, or Teutonic races. They administer with success, as well as achieve conquests. From the member of the viceroy's cabinet down to the newest and rawest acting deputy sub-assistant commissioner there is a tone of distinction among Indian civilians. Lofty aims, pure lives, unwearied toil, even justice, intellectual vigor, strong unselfishness, and ready courage are the characteristics of the thousand or eleven hundred lonely white men who carry on the administration of India. We owe the moral strength of England's position in India to the character of the officials. Conscious that they stand as representatives of their country, their responsibilities are ever before them. National hypocrisy may be imputed to England in other directions—in her drink traffic, in her sweating-system, in the prevalence of betting and gambling, in the social evil, in the condition of the submerged tenth—but the government of India, more especially since the mutiny, stands upon a firm foundation of moral strength. A few officials lent by India to Egypt have transformed the valley of the Nile. English hold on Egypt and on India alike is due to the spirit that makes India at once the pride and the burden of our country, as Manila will be the burden and the pride of the United States.

Among the Indian problems clamoring for attention, the question of the population is at once the most intractable and important. Pax Britannica, by suppressing civil war, encouraging the money-lender, feeding the destitute in famine years, has increased the population by nearly one hundred millions during the present century. A great tragedy is shaping itself on the plains of India and in the valleys of the Ganges and the Indus. Under Mogul rule periodic famine so regulated the population of Hindustan as to adjust the numbers of the people to the productive capacity of the soil. Equilibrium between the numbers of the population and the average food-supply was thus roughly but firmly established. In good years the people increased. In bad years the population diminished. In the year 1800 India contained about two hundred million inhabitants. From thenceforward human life has been treated as sacred, irrespective of its quality. The people have multiplied like butterflies. Internecine war has been replaced by a universal passion for litigation. Famines engendered by humane government have been fought by the state, and in an access of unusual generosity the people of England last year contributed nearly twelve cents a head to the sufferers from the latest scourge of dearth. Those who would have died under the rough rule of the Moguls survive to a joyless and prolific existence. Pressure of population on food-supply has already destroyed, in the Ganges Valley, village arts that flourished for centuries before the introduction of law and order. Population increases after every famine, under the operation of what is known as Doubleday's law, whereby abnormal fecundity is observed to be the invariable characteristic of the half-fed. A starved peasantry escape death only to provide in their offspring material for future famine.

Men now living may see the population of India reach 400,000,000. The peninsula is destined to become nothing more nor less than a huge congested district. Before a prospect like this the currency problem, the frontier problem, the race problem, and the fiscal problem are of insignificant importance. Emigration is possible only in dozens, or at the most in hundreds. Agriculture has little margin for improvement. The Indian peasant has known his business for three thousand years. There are parts of Bengal where the population is eight hundred to the square mile, and where every individual on it lives out of the land. To irrigation and the extension of railways there is a limit. The redistribution of the population is at best a palliative; it is no remedy. Manufactures require a stable currency, and, until the silver problem is solved, the one Indian industry must continue to be agricultural. The readjustment of taxation, about which so much is said by those who do not know India, would produce no visible effect where the total taxation per head amounts to only a few pence per annum. Nobody cares to face the black outlook. On the other hand, so-called humanity to the living checks disease, stamps out the plague which would reduce the population to manageable dimensions, even though by enforcing sanitary laws India is driven to the verge of revolution, while the emaciated Ryots in the periodic famines are maintained by a paternal government. The suggestions that natural law should be allowed to assert itself or that philanthropy as a function of government should be laid aside are insupportable ideas to the great majority of the people of England and America, but it is by no means certain that unwillingness to face facts will not produce during the next half-century an Asiatic tragedy of accumulated horror which the human mind can scarcely conceive—unless some wholly unforeseen invention or political cataclysm should change the course of history.

All roads lead to Russia nowadays—even the afternoon drama. The matinée play, as a rule, is a thing to be avoided, or at best endured. Attracted by the announcement of a play by Stepniak, for the benefit of his widow, I went to the Avenue Theatre one afternoon last week with forebodings as to the nature of the entertainment. I had known Stepniak personally, and had learned something more about him in Russia than is a common knowledge here. Stepniak was regarded as a murderer in his own country. In the view of the Nihilists and their academic sympathizers here he was a hero. To have stabbed a police official in the back, however, gives to Stepniak no immunity from criticism, and his play, "The Convert," produced at the Avenue Theatre, with the scenery of "The Club Baby," and the aid of Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Tabor, Mr. Charles Charrington, and Mr. H. Swears, was as poor a play as a well-meaning assassin ever wrote. Two remarkable features, however, made "The Convert" interesting. Firstly, the ringing cheers evoked in a London theatre by sanguinary sentiments directed against the young Tsar recalled the fact that London is ever a centre for cosmopolitan conspiracy; and secondly, the part of *Katia*, the heroine, revealed to the astonished critics present a young actress, of quite extraordinary charm and great ability, of whom scarcely any one had ever heard before. The name of Miss Margaret Halstan was new to me, and nobody at the time could tell me anything about her, except that she had played understudy to *Trilby* in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company. Miss Halstan's great personal attractions had less to do with her success than her rare dramatic power. To stir a matinée audience in a badly staged Russian play, written by an amateur, is no ordinary feat. The sincerity and sympathy of Miss Halstan's acting changed the part of a stagy *ingénue* into that of a girl visibly palpitating with the terrible reality of fate. Although Miss Halstan has gone through the theatrical mill in the provinces for two years, sheer love of art attaches her to the stage. She lives with her parents in the West End, is greatly helped in her ambitions by them, and, unless all the critics are mistaken, is destined to rise high in her profession. Her chief fault is youth. Actresses are rarely supposed to be perfect until they are grandmothers, while the average age of an *ingénue* at the Théâtre Français is somewhere in the neighborhood of forty. Déjazet played the *jeune fille* at threescore years and ten.

Arnold White.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

VIII.—THE BISHOP'S TALE.

THE stranger placed his broad-brimmed hat on the ground beside him, exposing a large round head somewhat bald in front, but not from age, and the rest of it covered with close-cut brown hair. His black clothes fitted him very closely, their extreme tightness suggesting that they had shrunken in the course of wearing, or that he had grown much plumper since he had come into possession of them; and their general worn and dull appearance gave considerable distance to the period of their first possession. But there was nothing worn or dull about the countenance of the man, upon which was an expression of mellow geniality which would have been suitably consequent upon a good dinner with plenty of wine. But his only beverage had been coffee, and in his clear bright eye there was no trace of any exhilaration except that caused by the action of a hearty meal upon a good digestion and an optimistic disposition.

"I am very glad," he said, looking about him at the company, and then glancing with a friendly air toward the two guides, who stood a little back of Mr. Archibald, "to have this opportunity to explain my appearance here. In the first place, I must tell you that I am a bishop, whose diocese has been inundated, and who consequently has been obliged to leave it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald; and Margery looked at Mr. Clyde, with the remark:

"There! You see I was very near to it."

"I presume this statement will require some explanation," continued the man in black, "and I will make it presently. I am going to be exceedingly frank and open in all that I say to you, and as frankness and openness are so extremely rare in this world, it may be that I shall obtain favor in your eyes from the fact of my possessing those unusual qualities. Originally I was a teacher, and for a year or two I had a very good country school; but my employment at last became so repugnant to me that I could no longer endure it, and this repugnance was due entirely to my intense dislike for children."

"That is not at all to your credit," observed Mrs. Archibald; "and I do not see how you became a bishop, or why you should have been made one."

"Was your diocese entirely meadow-land?" inquired Mr. Archibald.

"I am coming to all that," said the stranger, with a smile of polite consideration toward Mrs. Archibald. "I know very well that it is not at all to my credit to dislike children, but I said I would be honest, and I am. I do dislike them—not their bodies, but their minds. Children, considered physically, are often pleasant to the view, and even interesting as companions, provided their innate juvenility is undisturbed; but when their personalities are rudely thrown open by a teacher, and the innate juvenility prematurely exposed to the air, there is something so clammy, so chilly to the mental marrow, that I shrink from it as I would shrink from the touch of any cold, clammy thing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Archibald.

"I am not sure," observed Margery, "that there is not some truth in that. I had a Sunday-school class for a little while, and although I can't say there was a clamminess, there was—well, I don't know what there was, and I gave it up."

"I am glad," said the man in black, "that my candor is not sinking me in the estimation of every one present; but even if it did, I am obliged to tell the truth. I do not know what would have become of me if I had not the good fortune to catch the measles from a family with whom I was spending Sunday in another town. As soon as the disease plainly showed itself upon me my school was broken up, and it was never gathered together again, at least under me. I must make my story as brief as possible, and can only say that not long after this I found myself in another town, where it became necessary for me to do something to support myself. This was difficult, for I am an indefinite man, and definiteness seems necessary to success in any line. Happening one day to pass a house with open lower windows, I heard the sound of children's voices speaking in unison, and knowing that this must be a school, I looked in, compelled entirely by that curiosity which often urges us to gaze upon human suffering. I found, however, that this was a kindergarten conducted by a young woman. Unobserved by scholars or teacher, I watched the proceedings with great interest, and soon became convinced that kindergartening was a much less repellent system of tuition than any I had known; but I also perceived that the methods of the young woman could be greatly improved. I thought a good deal upon this subject after leaving the open window. And soon afterward, becoming acquainted with the young person in charge of the children, I offered to teach her a much better system of kindergartening than she was using. My terms were very low, and she became my scholar. I soon learned that there were other kindergartens in the town, and some of the teachers of these joined my class. Moreover, there were young women in the place who were not kindergartners, but who would like to become such, and these I also taught, sometimes visiting them at their houses, and sometimes giving my lessons in a room loaned by one of my patrons. My system became very popular, because it was founded upon common-sense."

"What was your system?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "I am interested in kindergartens myself."

"My object," he answered, "was to make the operation of teaching interesting to the teacher. It struck me very forcibly that a continuance of a few years in the present inane performances called kindergartening would infallibly send to our lunatic-asylums a number of women, more or less young, with more or less depleted intellects. The various games and exercises I devised were very interesting, and I am sure I had scholars who never intended to become kindergartners, and who studied with me solely for their own advantage. It was at this time that I adopted the clerical dress as being more suitable to my vocation than any other costume, and some one having called me the bishop, the name soon became popular, and I was generally known by it."

"But what is your real name?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"Madam," said the man, "you must excuse me if I ask you to recall your question. I have a good name, and I belong to a very good family, but there are reasons why I do not at present wish to avow that name. Some of these reasons are connected with the report that I purposely visited the family with the measles in order to get rid of my school; others are connected with the inundation of my diocese, of which I shall speak; others refer to my present indefinite method of life. There is reason to suppose that the time is not far distant when my resumption of my family name will throw no discredit upon it, but that period has not yet arrived. Do you press your question, madam?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Archibald; "it really makes no difference; and out here in the woods a man may call himself a bishop or a cardinal or anything he likes."

"Thank you very much," said he, "and I will continue to speak in figures, and call myself a bishop."

"Where I was brought up," interpolated Phil Matlack, still standing behind Mr. Archibald, "I was taught that figures don't lie."

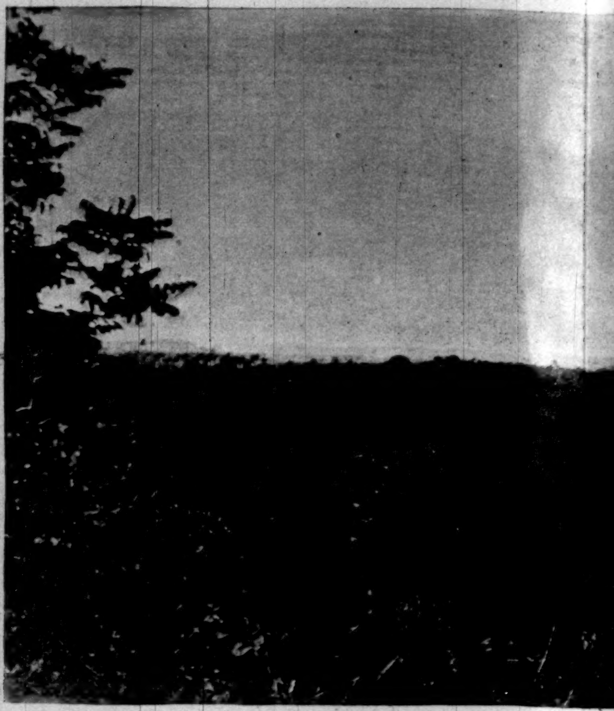
"My good sir," said the speaker, with a smile, "in mathematics they don't, in poetry and literature they often do. Well, as I was saying, my diocese extended itself, my revenues were satisfactory, and I had begun to believe that I had found my true work in life, when suddenly there was a misfortune. There arrived in our town three apostles of kindergartening—two of them were women, and one was a man. They had heard of my system, and had come to investigate it. They did so, with the result that in an astonishingly short time my diocese was inundated with a flood of Fröbelism which absolutely swept me away. With this bag, this umbrella, with this costume, which has now become my wardrobe, I was cast out in all my indefiniteness upon a definite world."

"And how did you get here?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

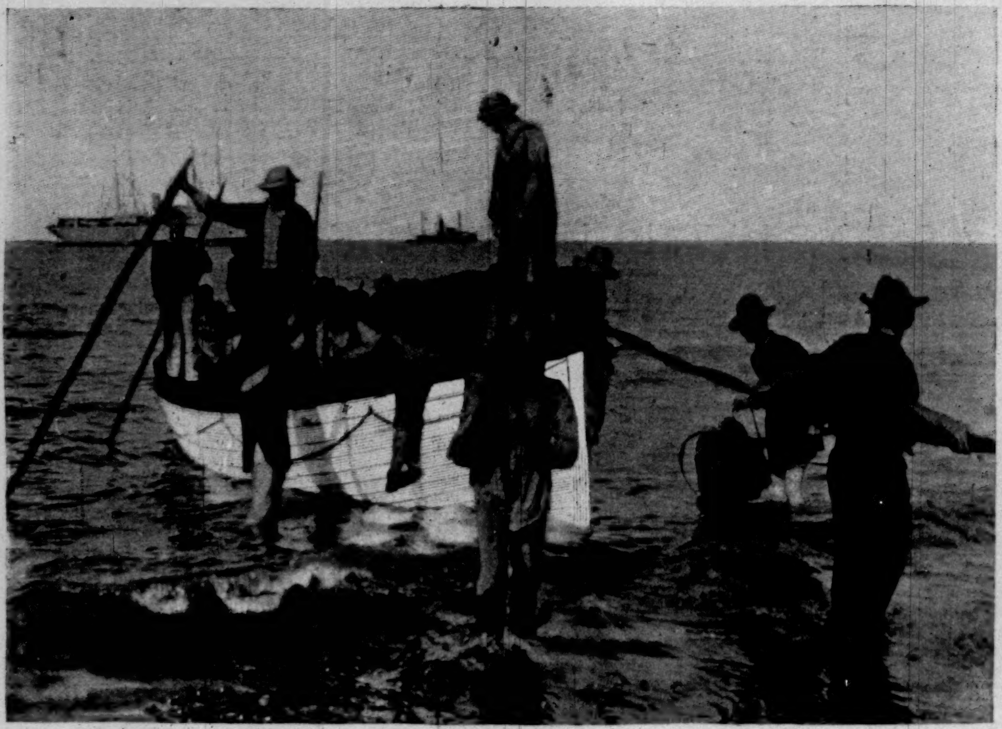
"I had heard of Sadler and his camps," said he; "and in this beautiful month and in this beautiful weather I thought it would be well to investigate them. I accordingly went to Mr. Sadler's, where I arrived yesterday afternoon. I found Mr. Sadler a very definite man, and, I am sorry to say, that as he immediately defined me as a tramp, he would listen to no other definition. 'You have no money to pay for food and lodgings,' said he, 'and you come under my tramp laws. I don't harbor tramps, but I don't kick them out into the woods to starve. For

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

GROUP OF THATCHED HOUSES AT SIBONEY.

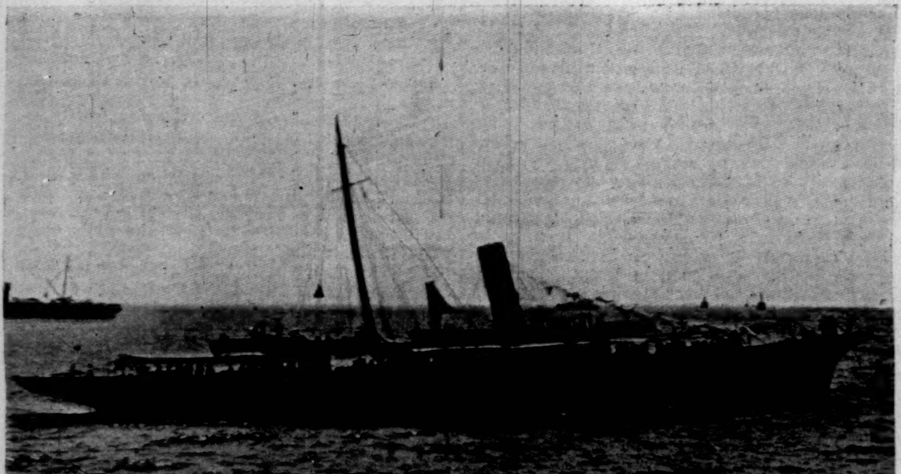


FIRST VIEW OF SANTIAGO FROM THE HILL

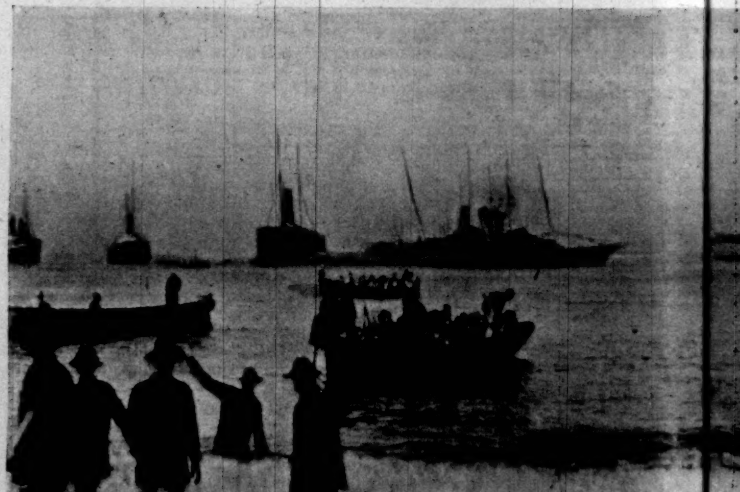


CUBAN RE-ENFORCEMENTS LANDING AT SIBONEY.

GENERAL LAWTON AT THE FRONT.

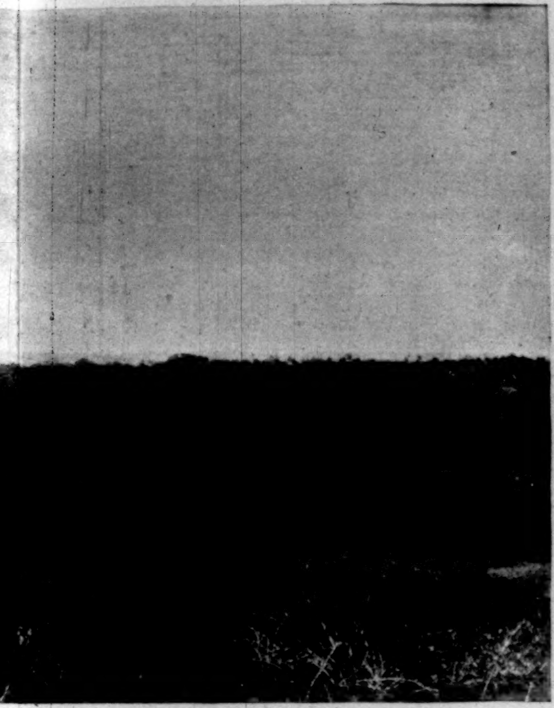


THE "GLOUCESTER" BRINGING CAPTAIN CHADWICK TO SEE GENERAL SHAFTER.

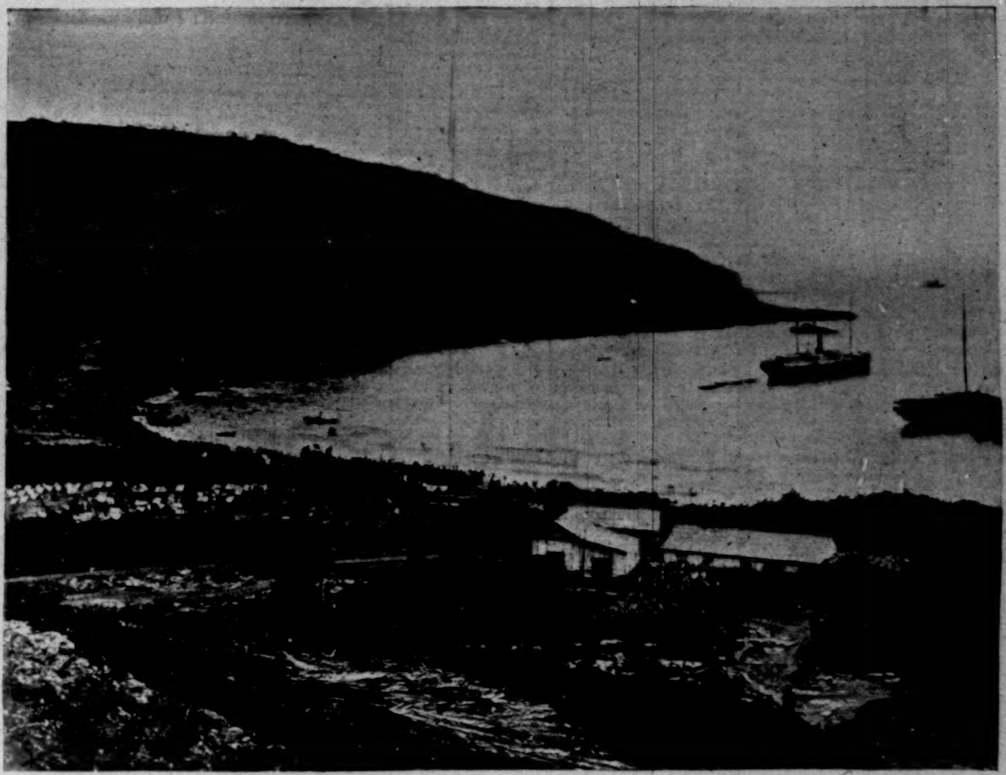


UNITED STATES TROOPS COMING ASHORE AT SIBONEY.

THE INVASION OF CUBA—WITH THE

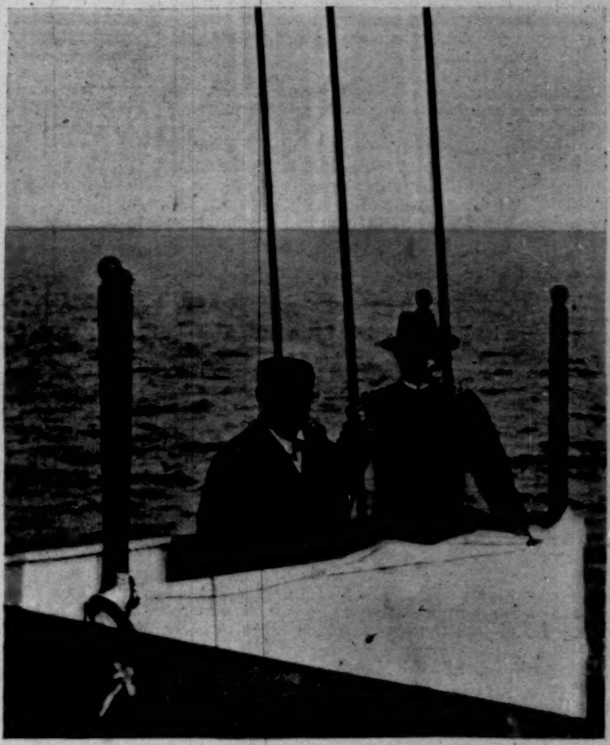


E BILLS—ABOUT FIVE MILES DISTANT.

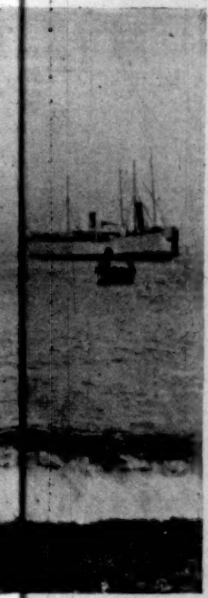


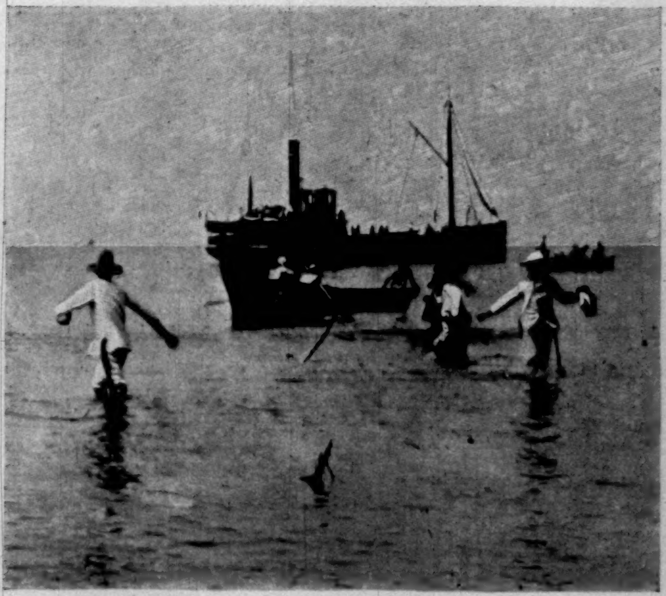
THE CAMP AT SIBONEY—TRANSPORTS IN HARBOR.

LANDING COMMISSARY STORES THROUGH THE SURF.



GENERAL SHAFTER AND LIEUT. NOBLE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "SEGURANCA."





CUBAN SOLDIERS FROM ASERRADERO LANDING AT SIBONEY.

SWIMMING HORSES ASHORE AT BAIQUIRI.

THE ARMY BEFORE SANTIAGO.

labor on this place I pay one dollar and a half a day of ten hours. For meals to day-laborers I charge fifteen cents each. If you want your supper, you can go out to that wood-shed and split wood for one hour.' I was very hungry; I went out into the wood-shed; I split wood for one hour, and at the end of that time I had a sufficient meal. When I had finished, Mr. Sadler sent for me. 'Do you want to stay here all night?' he said. 'I do,' I answered. 'Go, then, and split wood for another hour.' I did so, and it was almost dark when I had finished. In the morning I split wood for my breakfast, and when I had finished I went to Mr. Sadler and asked him how much he would charge for a luncheon wrapped up in a piece of paper. 'Seven and a half cents,' he said. I split wood for half an hour, and left Sadler's ostensibly to return to the station by the way I had come; but while I had been at work, I found from the conversation of some of the people that one of the camps was occupied, and I also discovered in what direction it lay. Consequently, after I had passed out of the sight of the definite Peter Sadler, I changed my course, and took a path through the woods which I was told would lead to this road, and I came here because I might just as well pass this way as any other, and because, having set out to investigate camp life, I wished to do so, and I hope I may be allowed to say that although I have seen but little of it, I like it very much."

"Now, then," said Phil Matlack, walking around the circle and approaching the stranger, "you said, when you first came here, that you were going to go, and the time has come when you've got to go."

"Very well," said the other, looking up with a smile; "if I've got there I'd better stop."

Mr. Archibald and the young men laughed, but Matlack and Martin, who had now joined him, did not laugh.

"You've barely time enough," said the former, "to get to Sadler's before it is pitch-dark, and—"

"Excuse me," said the other, "but I am not going back to Sadler's to-night. I would rather have no bed than split wood for an hour after dark in order to procure one. I would prefer a couch of dried leaves."

"You come along into the road with this young man and me; I want to talk to you," said Matlack.

"Come, Matlack," said Mr. Archibald, "don't be cruel."

"I am not," said the guide. "I am the tenderest-hearted person in the world; but even if you say so, sir, I can't let a stranger stay all night in a camp that I've got charge of."

"Look here, Matlack," exclaimed Mr. Clyde, "you haven't got charge of our camp!"

"No, I haven't," said the other.

"Well, then, this person can come over and stay with us. We have a little tent that we brought to put over the cooking-stove, and he can sleep in that."

"Very well," said Matlack; "if you take him out of this camp I haven't anything to say—that is, to-night."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, rising, and approaching Mr. Clyde, "I accept your offer with pleasure, and thank you most heartily for it. If you had proffered me the hospitality of a palace, I could not be more grateful for it."

"All right," said Clyde; "and I suppose it is time for us to be off, so I will bid you all good-night. Come along, Arthur. Come along, bishop."

The face of the last-named individual beamed with delight as he heard this appellation, and bidding everybody good-night, and thanking them for the kindness with which he had been treated, he followed the two young men.

The three walked some little distance toward Camp Roy, and then Clyde came running back to speak to Margery, who was now standing by herself watching the young moon descend among the trees. Then Mr. Raybold also stopped and came back to Margery, upon which the bishop stopped and waited for them. In about ten minutes he was joined by the two young men, and the three proceeded to Camp Roy.

"There is one thing, Harriet," said Mr. Archibald, "which I wish you would speak to Margery about. I don't want her to get up so early and go out for a morning walk. I find that those young men are also early risers."

"I will speak to her," said Mrs. Archibald; "where is she?"

"Over there, talking to young Martin," said her husband. "It isn't quite dark yet, but I think it is time we were all in bed."

"Quite time," said she. "Margery tells me that that young guide, who is a handsome young fellow, is going to teach her how to fish with flies. I wish you would sometimes take her out in the boat with you, Mr. Archibald; I am sure that you could teach her how to fish."

He smiled. "I suppose I could," he said; "and I also suppose I could pull her out of the water the first time she hooked a big fish. It would be like resting a boat on a pivot to put her into it."

"Then you don't take her," said Mrs. Archibald, decisively. "And you can't take her with you up the stream, because of course she can't wade. I don't want her to get tired of camp life, but—"

"Don't be afraid of the young men," interrupted her husband, with a laugh; "so long as there are three of them there is no danger."

"Of course I will not, if you don't wish it, Aunt Harriet," said Margery, when Mrs. Archibald had spoken to her about the early morning walks; "and I will stay in my room until you call me."

The next morning, when Mrs. Archibald was ready to leave the cabin, she did call Margery, but received no answer. Then she went to the little studio-room, and when she opened the door she found its occupant leaning out of the window talking to Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold, who stood outside.

"Good-morning, Aunt Harriet!" exclaimed Margery, gayly. "Mr. Clyde has brought me nearly an armful of birch bark, all thin and smooth. I am going to make a birch-bark bedspread out of it. I'll cover a sheet with these pieces, you see, and sew them on. Then I can have autographs on them, and mottoes, and when I cover myself up with it I shall really feel like a dryad."

"And here is what I have brought," said Mr. Raybold, holding up an armful of bark.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Margery, taking the mass, but not without dropping a good many of the pieces. "Of course it was kind of him to bring it," she said to Mrs. Archibald, as they left the room together, "but he needn't have bothered himself: I don't want to sleep under a wood-pile."

IX.—MATLACK'S THREE TROUBLES.

"HAVE you asked those two young men to breakfast again?" inquired Mr. Archibald, after examining, with a moderate interest, the specimen of birch bark which Margery had shown him.

"Oh no, indeed," said she; "they have had their breakfast. They have been telling me about it. The bishop got up very early in the morning and cooked it for them. He's a splendid cook; and he found things in their hampers that they didn't know they had. They said his coffee was delicious, and they have left him there in their camp now, washing the dishes and putting everything in order. And do you think, Uncle Archibald, that it is going to rain?"

"I do," said he; "for it is sprinkling already."

This proved to be the first bad day since the Archibald party had gone into camp, and the rain soon began to come down in a steady practised way, as if the clouds above were used to that sort of thing and could easily keep it up all day.

As there was no place under roof to which company could be conveniently invited, Margery retired to her room and set herself diligently to work on her birch-bark quilt.

Mrs. Archibald established herself in the division of the cabin which was intended to be used as a sitting and dining room in bad weather, and applied herself to some sewing and darning, which had been reserved for just such a day as this. Mr. Archibald, in a water-proof suit, tried fishing for half an hour or so, but finding it both unpleasant and unprofitable, he joined his wife, made himself as comfortable as possible on two chairs, and began to read aloud one of the novels they had brought with them.

Mr. Clyde and Mr. Raybold had considerately gone to their own camp when it began to rain, hoping, however, that the shower would be over in a short time. But the rain was not a shower, and they spent the morning on their backs in their tent, talking and smoking. Of course they could not expect the bishop to depart in the rain, so they had told him to make himself as comfortable as he could in the little kitchen tent, and offered him a pipe and a book. The first he declined, as he never smoked, but the latter he accepted with delight.

After the mid-day dinner Phil Matlack, in a pair of high hunting-boots and an oil-skin coat, came to Mr. Archibald and said that as there was nothing he could do that afternoon, he would walk over to Sadler's and attend to some business he had there.

"About the bishop?" asked Mr. Archibald.

"Partly," said Matlack. "I understand the fellow is still over there with those two young men. I don't suppose they'll send him off in the rain, and as he isn't in my camp, I can't interfere. But it may rain for two or three days."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "and if we want anything we'll ask Martin."

"Just so," said Matlack. "If there's anything to do that you don't want to do yourself, you can get him to do it; but if you want to know anything you don't know yourself, you'd better wait until I come back."

When Matlack presented himself before Peter Sadler he found that ponderous individual seated in his rolling chair near the open door, enjoying the smell of the rain.

"Hello, Phil!" he cried. "What's wrong at the camp?"

The guide left his wet coat and cap on the little piazza outside, and after carefully wiping his feet, seated himself on a chair near the door.

"There's three things wrong," said he. "In the first place, there's a tramp out there, and it looks to me as if he was a-goin' to stick, if he can get allowed to do it."

"Is he too big for you to bounce?" roared Peter. "That's a pretty story to come tell me."

"No, he ain't," said the other; "but I haven't got the bouncin' of him. He's not in my camp. The young men have took him in; but I expect he'll come over with them as soon as it's done rainin', for when that happens they're bound to come themselves."

"Look here, Phil," said Peter, "is he dressed in black?"

"Yes, he is," said the guide.

Mr. Sadler slapped his hand on the arm of his chair. "Phil Matlack," he shouted, "that's my favorite tramp. I never had a man here who paid his bill in work as he did. It was cash down, and good money. Not a minute of wood-splitting more or less than the market-price for meals and bed. I'd like to have a tramp like that come along about twice a week. But I tell you, Phil, he ain't no tramp. Couldn't you see that? None of them loafers ever worked as he did."

"He may not be a tramp," said Matlack, "but he's trampin'. What are you goin' to do about him? Let him stay there?"

"What's he doin' now?" asked Sadler.

"He's cookin' for those two young men."

"Well, they need some one to do it for them, and they didn't want to go to the expense of a guide. Let the parson alone for a day or two, and if he does anything out of the way just you take him by one ear and Martin take him by the other and bring him to me. I'll attend to him. What's the next trouble?"

"That's out of my camp too," said Matlack; "but I'm bound to report it. The bicycle fellow that you hired a gun to don't know the fust thing about usin' it, and the next thing you'll hear will be that he's shot his pardner, who's worth six of him."

Mr. Sadler sat up very straight in his chair and stared at the guide. "Phil Matlack," he shouted, "what do you take me for? I hired that gun to that young man. Don't you suppose I know what I'm about?"

"That's all right," said Matlack; "but the trouble is he don't know what he's about."

"Get away, man," said Peter, with a contemptuous sniff; "he'll never hurt anybody. What do you take me for? When he came to me and wanted a gun, I handed him two or three, so that he might choose one that suited him, and by the way he handled them I could see that most likely he'd never handled one before, and so I set him up all right. He's got a good gun, and all the cartridges he'll be likely to want; and the cartridges are all like this. They're a new kind I heard of last winter, and I got a case from Boston last week. I don't see how I ever managed to run my camps without them. Do you see that shot?" said he, opening one end of a cartridge. "Well, take one in your hand and pinch it."

Phil did so, and it crumbled to dust in his hand.

"When that load's fired," said Peter, "all the shot will crumble into dust. It wouldn't do to give raw hands blank cartridges, because they'd find that out; but with this kind they might sit all day and fire at a baby asleep in its cradle and never disturb it, provided the baby was deaf. And he can't use his pardner's cartridges, for I gave that fellow a twelve-bore gun and his is a ten-bore."

Phil grinned. "Well, then," said he, "I suppose I might as well make my mind easy, but if that bicycle man hunts much he'll get the conviction borne in on him that he's a dreadful bad shot."

"Then he'll give up shooting, which is what is wanted," said Sadler. "What's your third bother?"

"That young woman has made up her mind to go out in the boat by herself the very fust time she feels like it," said Matlack; "she didn't say so with her mouth, but she said it with the back of her head and her shoulders, and I want to know if that rule of yours is going to hold good this summer. Women is gettin' to do so many things they didn't use to that I didn't know but what you'd consider they'd got far enough to take themselves out on the lake, and if you do think so, I don't want to get myself in hot water with those people and then find you don't back me up."

"If you don't want to get yourself into hot water with me, Phil Matlack, you'd better get it into your head just as soon as you can that when I make a rule it's a rule, and I don't want people comin' to me and talkin' about changes. Women in my camp don't go out in boats by themselves, and it's easy enough to have that rule kept if you've got backbone enough to do it. Keep the boat locked to the shore when it ain't in use, and keep the key in your pocket, and if anybody gets it that 'ain't any right to it, that's your lookout. Now that's the end of your troubles, I hope. How's things goin' on generally in the camp?"

"Oh, well enough," said Matlack. "I thought at fust the old lady'd give out in a day or two, but I've taught her parlor-fishin', which she's took to quite lively, and she's got used to the woods. The boss he sticks to fishin' as if it was office-work, and as for the rest of them I guess they're all gettin' more and more willin' to stay."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Well, one of them is a gal and the others isn't," replied Matlack; "that's about the p'int of it."

During Matlack's walk back the skies cleared, and when he reached the camp he found Mrs. Archibald seated in her chair near the edge of the lake, a dry board under her feet, and the bishop standing by her, putting her bait on her hook, and taking the fish off it when any happened to be there. Out in the boat sat Mr. Archibald, trusting that some fish might approach the surface in search of insects disabled by the rain. Further on, at a place by the water's edge that was clear of bushes and undergrowth, Martin was giving Miss Dearborn a lesson in fly-fishing.

"He's a mighty good fisherman," thought Matlack, looking at the young fellow as he brought his rod back from the water with a long graceful sweep, and then, with another sweep and an easy inclination of his body forward, sending the fly far out on the smooth surface of the lake, "although there ain't no need to tell him so; and I don't wonder she'd rather stand and watch him than try to do it herself."

Walking up and down near the edge of the wood were Messrs. Clyde and Raybold.

Phil smiled. "They don't seem to be happy," he said to himself. "I guess they're hankerin' to take a share in her edication; but if you don't know nothin' yourself, you can't edicate other people."

Matlack directed his steps toward Mrs. Archibald; but before he reached her he was met by the bishop, who hurried toward him.

"I shall be obliged to surrender my post to you," he said, "which will be greatly to the lady's satisfaction, I imagine, for I must appear a poor attendant after you."

"Goin' to leave us?" said Matlack. "You look quite spruced up."

The bishop smiled. "You allude, I suppose," said he, "to the fact that my hat and clothes are brushed, and that I am freshly shaved and have on a clean collar. I like to be as neat as I can. This is a gutta-percha collar, and I can wash it whenever I please with a bit of damp rag, and it is my custom to shave every day, if I possibly can. But as to leaving you, I shall not do so this evening. I have promised those young gentlemen who so kindly invited me to their camp that I would prepare their supper for them, and I must now go to make the fire and get things in readiness."

"Have they engaged you as cook and general help?" asked Matlack.

"Oh no," said the bishop, with a smile; "they are kind and I am grateful, that is all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

FROM sudden death, from foeman's aim;
From cowardice, from shrinking shame;
From cruel deeds without a name:
Save us, Good Lord.

From rage of animal within;
From triumph dwarfed by brutal sin;
From lawlessness mid rifles' din:
Save us, Good Lord.

From jealousy of other's deed;
From inhumanity, from greed;
From carelessness of brother's need:
Save us, Good Lord.

From memory of upturned eyes;
From shrieks of wounded, battle-cries;
From faith forgot when danger dies:
Save us, Good Lord.

GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

ON THE MADRID SIDEWALK.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

XI.—AN EVENING AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

It was on the evening of the 22d of March, 1898, that we three homesick and leg-weary Yankees found happiness of a peculiarly Yankee kind in the family circle of General Woodford, who at that moment was our country's representative at the Spanish capital. It made us warm with thoughts of buckwheat cakes and peanut candy just to be welcomed by a good old-fashioned American "darky" butler, who made us want to hug him just because of the winsome way in which he invited us to "Walk right in here, gentlemen; de ladies is all waiting for you." If any world-weary globe-trotter wants to test the strength of that subtle thing miscalled patriotism, but more justly described by the Irishman as the love for the old sod, let that man travel on a bike for days and days in a country liable at any moment to declare war against his, never seeing a soul with whom he can exchange home news or even safely divulge his nationality.

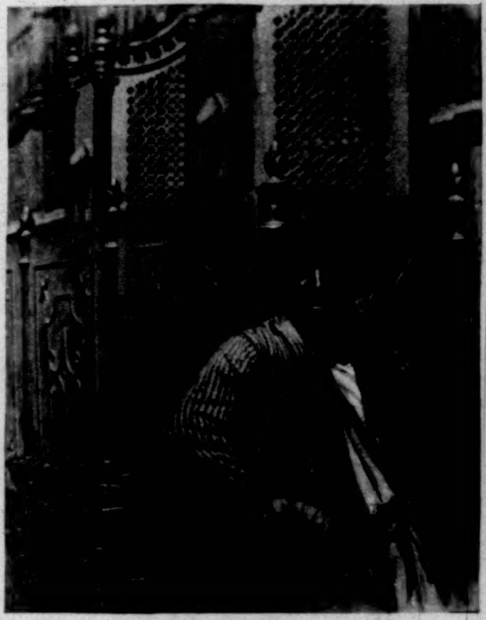
That colored man who opened the door for us at General Woodford's deserved a pension on his return home. He cheered the heart of every American who called at the Legation, I am sure, and into the bargain has passed through all the trying times which the diplomatic tension between the two countries occasioned.

I have seen many musical triumphs in my life, but never such a one as was achieved that night by our barytone, Edwin Isham, as he threw his whole heart and rich voice into the negro song, "I want you, my honey—yes, I do," and other plantation melodies which only an American can feel and make others feel. I saw the shining face of our colored friend beaming with open mouth and eyes from behind the curtain—he was homesick for his "old folks at home," and thinking of long years ago, when he too was a happy pickaninny "rolling and kicking in the sun." He told me afterwards, while helping me on with my coat, that "Dat song did do me a powerful lot of good—'deed it did." Perhaps it is the result of early bringing up, and common to all of us who have lived at all among negroes, but I feel that our citizens of African descent are an essential part of our social life, and that if they were to disappear we should lose an important element of poetry, song, and humor in our overworked money-making world.

General Woodford is an old soldier and a hardened practitioner at the bar—two careers that ought to make a man capable of smothering his feelings. He was conquered that night, for his heart was sick with the bitterness of his daily diplomatic life, and one note from a voice that sang of the home so far away made him forget all else but his desire to know peace. He held his wife's hand, and the eyes of both were wet. I wish that Spaniards could have seen him then, to learn that Yankees too have hearts, and that it is just that quality in our nature, and not the ambition for more territory, that produces with us the popular agitation against misrule in Cuba.

There were only Americans present at this dinner; one might term it strictly a family party, for no one was present save members of the legation and their families. The general is a brave and a shrewd man. He was fighting for peace, and cheerily proclaimed that war was of course out of the question between such intelligent peoples as the Spanish and ourselves. Our visit fell between two serious events—the blowing up of an American man-o'-war in Havana Harbor, and the message of President McKinley demanding that Spain put an end to her ruinous fighting at our gates.

The Spanish press was full of wild rumors, none of them complimentary to the United States. With magnificent good-humor, General Woodford persistently corrected false statements put forward by the press, and took no notice of insulting constructions subsequently placed upon his words. He believed in a "campaign of education," and daily preached moderation. He published in the Spanish press the astounding news that he had no secrets from the Spanish people; that all his despatches



TYPICAL MADRID.

received from Washington were such as might with impunity be published to the world, if the Spanish government should see fit.

So far, and General Woodford had been in Madrid since the autumn of 1897, he had not put forward seriously a single demand to the Spanish government that had not been successful. His personal relations with all his official colleagues had been satisfactory, and I believed that if war should unfortunately break out in spite of his efforts, he would leave Madrid with the personal respect of every official who had dealings with him.

The ladies of the legation felt the isolation in which they were forced to move. Their husbands had official business to transact with men accustomed to official intercourse, but they had no work to occupy them, and were in daily fear of meeting with social treatment impossible to resent, and mortifying for high-strung women to endure. Matters were so much strained while I was there that members of the diplomatic corps would not introduce Spaniards to Americans, even if they happened into the same room; it was feared that the Spanish ladies might be rude to our people. I would hesitate to repeat this had not an American member of the diplomatic body given me instances in his own experience.

This was the more to be regretted, for in many years there had not been such a good representation of our society at a foreign court as at that time in Madrid.

The house in which General Woodford had his home is one of the handsomest of the capital, comparing favorably with the Embassies of France, England, and Mexico. Unfortunately it is not the property of the United States, so that General Woodford's successor, unless he be a man prepared to spend four thousand dollars a year in rent, will have a hard time in trying to keep his social end up. A great and rich country should not allow its representatives abroad to be housed with less dignity than the agents of other powers. Besides, we should not have the archives of our different legations and embassies moving about every time the government is forced to look for new quarters.

General Woodford did not say anything to me on this matter, but other members of the legation did, to the effect that in times like those the people about our legation in Madrid and the different consulates should have been thoroughly American in speech, in blood, and in affiliation.

THE FAITHFUL ASS.

STREET FOUNTAIN, MADRID.

I do not know if our government ever had occasion to send confidential communications to the Madrid legation. If it did, that material came into the custody of people who were Spanish in blood and sympathy, and in such times that counts.

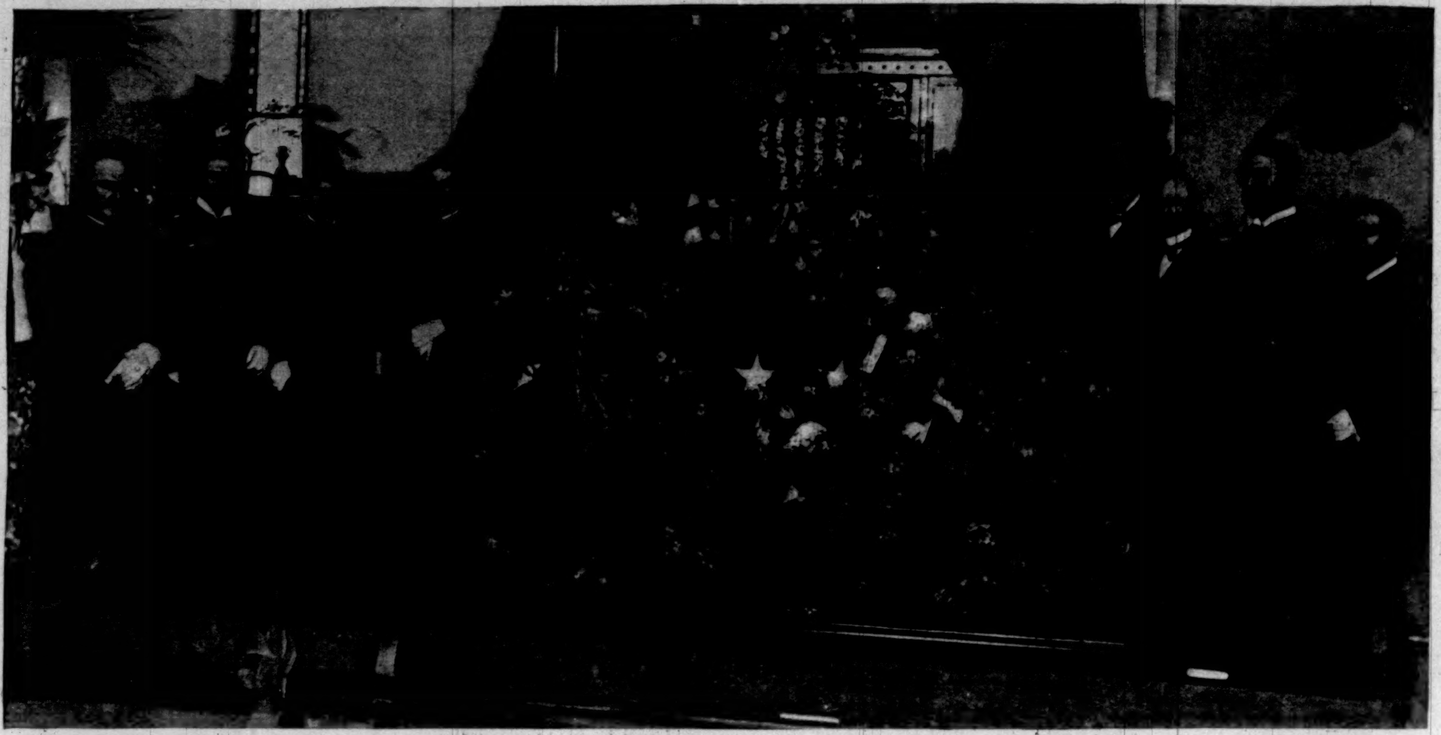
General Woodford spoke at some length with me about the Spanish character, which he admires highly. He regards the people as brave and courteous, and deplored the prevailing ignorance which makes it difficult to appeal directly through the press to their good sense. He told me that he discovered very little Jingoism in Spain; that it was confined mainly to the extreme military party who admired General Weyler, and to a small but noisy Parliamentary set who had little following amongst the people. As to himself, he said he felt as secure in Madrid as in any house of New York. The government kept half a dozen police in front of his door, by way of precaution, but in all other respects he lived as peacefully as he could wish.

How much of this the general believed himself, and how much he wished to believe, I could not tell. At any rate, he did not excite unnecessary alarm in those about him, and acted on the principle that it is time enough to cry out when you are hurt. To the families of his secretaries and attachés he was like a father, and his ears would have burned could he have heard a tithe of the grateful words used about him behind his back.

It was late that night when we said good-night to Mrs. Woodford and the other members of the general's household. We had danced American waltzes, had sung American songs, and talked American talk as though not likely soon to get another chance at such luxuries. The splendid suite of drawing-rooms had resounded to the exquisite tenor notes of George Devoll, and the general had paid us collectively the high compliment of saying we had done them all good by coming. We on our side remarked to one another, as we walked home that night, that if the general's family got out of us half the enjoyment that we did out of them, then we had no complaints to make.

We had brought our evening dress all the way from London for this one event; we were well rewarded.

MADRID MARKET.



THE BODY OF CAPTAIN CHARLES V. GRIDLEY, U.S.N., LATE OF THE U.S.S. "OLYMPIA," LYING IN STATE AT THE UNION CHURCH, YOKOHAMA.

CAPTAIN GRIDLEY'S FUNERAL.

YOKOHAMA, *June 9.*

I HAVE just come from Captain Gridley's funeral. The *Olympia* was stationed here so long that his death is mourned as that of a friend rather than a commander. A note from Captain Gridley, on leaving, said that he would return in April. Indeed, he expected to spend the summer in these waters. There was then no shadow of the war. All morning the navy ladies were at the church assisting in its decoration. There is a detachment of the wives of the officers of the *Baltimore* here: Mrs. Bellows, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Brayton.

It was first intended that the services should be held on the *Coptic*, on which Captain Gridley died. But an order from Washington that the remains be cremated changed this plan, and the services were held at the Union Church. The Captain and the officers of the *Coptic* escorted the body to the Hatoba, where a detachment of bluejackets carried it, covered with its pall of stars and stripes and buried beneath flowers, to the hearse. The funeral cortége consisted of a guard of honor from the Japanese cruiser *Heiyuen*, Minister Buck, Consul-General Gowie, Mr. Miller and Mr. Nelson of the legation, the consular staff, Governor Asada of this prefecture, the Chief of Police, Marquis Gonzago de Membrini, and the Captain and officers of the *Heiyuen*. The pall-bearers were Lieutenant-Commander Briggs of the *Baltimore*, here on sick leave; Dr. Anderson of the Naval Hospital; Paymasters McDonald and Galt of the *Raleigh*, who came with Captain Gridley; Colonel W. M. Brown, of New York, on his way to Manila; Captain Davies of the Royal Naval Reserve; Dr. Donald Hoskyn of the British Naval Hospital. These were preceded by the Japanese town band playing Chopin's "Funeral March."

It was interesting to look over the church and to see the various types of Americans thus brought together, for Yokohama is a rallying-place for all nations. Grizzled seafaring men, smart-looking business men, sunburnt tourists, fashionable globe-trotters (men and women), sedate missionaries, professors, diplomats, and those exiles from home whose children have not yet seen the soil of their fathers. Among these were Mrs. James Stoughton, Mrs. Hurlbert and her mother, from Cincinnati; Mrs. Martin, who is a daughter of Commodore Chandler, with a beautiful anchor of white and green in her hand; Mrs. Anderson, the daughter of Captain Coffin, who has been recalled to service; Miss Case of Philadelphia.

The circumstance of Captain Gridley's death, after the brilliant victory, made the occasion doubly sad. You, at home, can scarcely realize what the fight at Manila has been to the Americans here, brought into such sharp competition with the representatives of other nations.

The burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Booth of the Ferris Seminary. And after a prayer by Dr. Cleveland, Colonel Buck and Mr. Gowie made brief addresses.

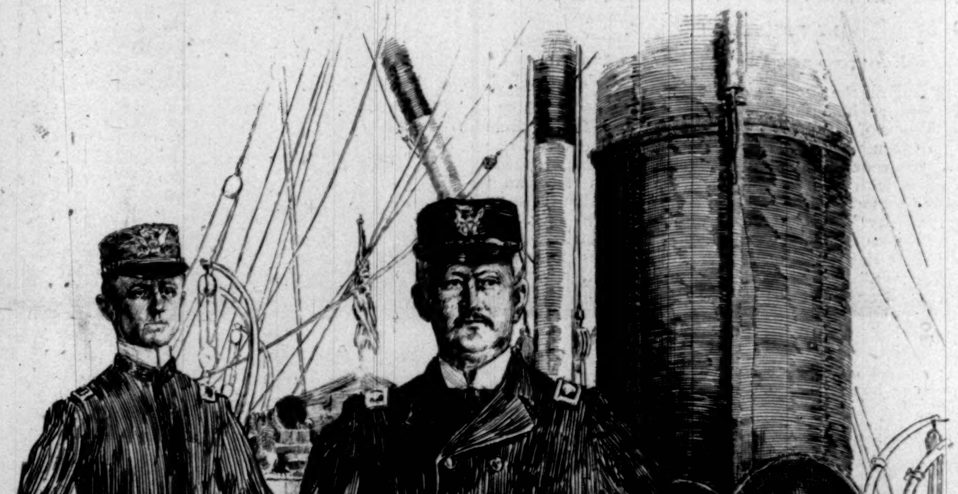
The body is to be cremated to-morrow morning, and the ashes will be taken home on the next steamer.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

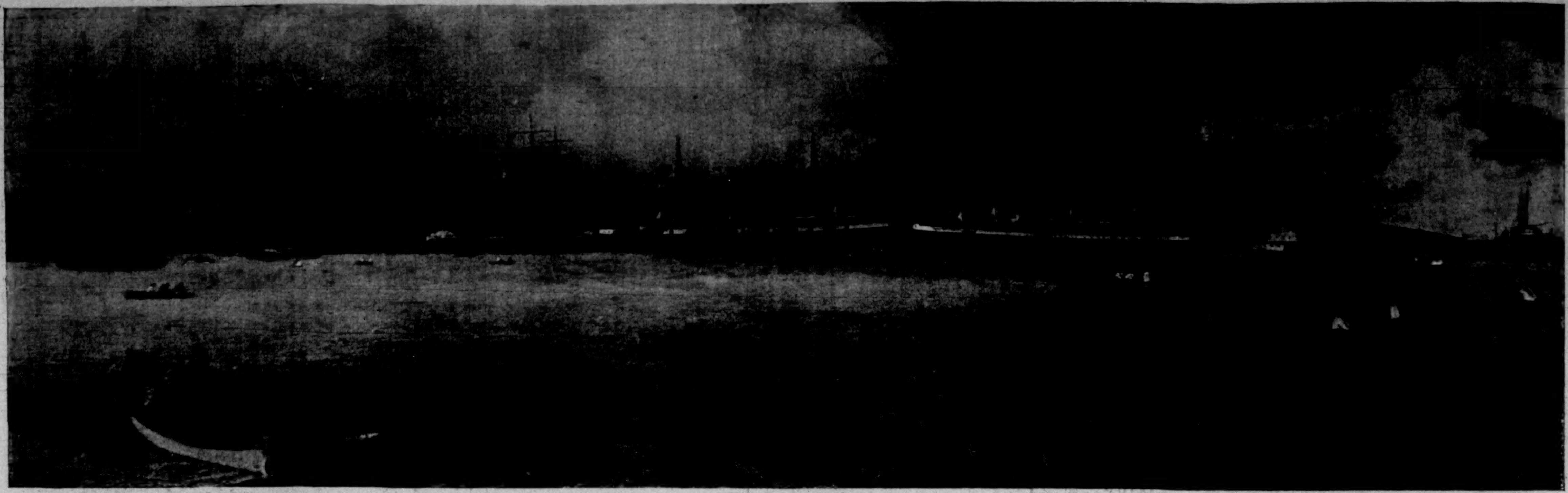
CUI BONO?

Days of disaster, war and doom,
Filling a glad green earth with gloom,
What are ye for,
Ye days of war?
What has man done, that o'er his head
Clatter and crash these bolts of dread?
Why has the sunshine gone from life?
Why has sweet peace given way to strife?
Why are the fields that once were green
Now drenched with blood of heroes seen?
Why has the sea
Risen in awful majesty,
In anger wild,
And swallowed defenceless woman and child?
What is man's sin,
That he requires such discipline?
Days of disaster, doom and war,
What are ye for?

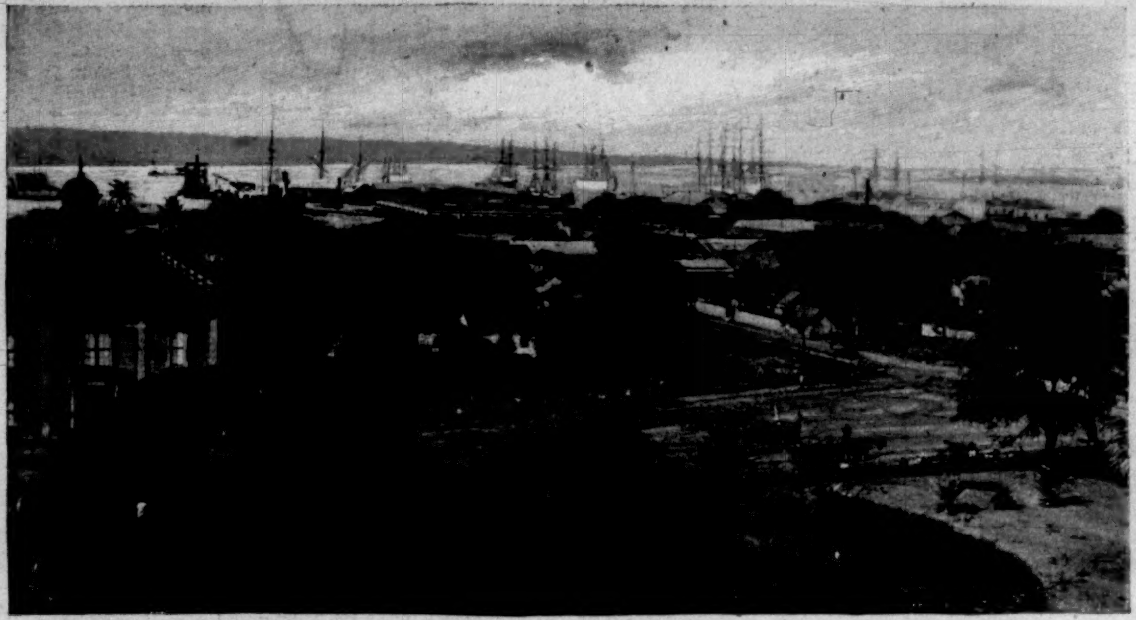
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

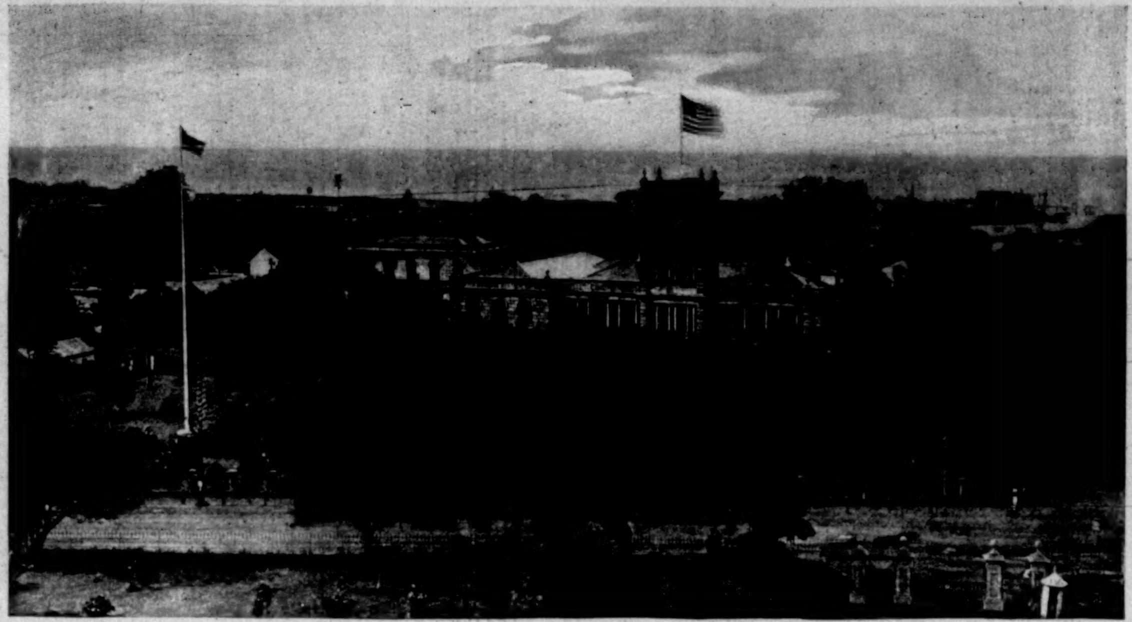


MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A., ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "NEWPORT," JUST PREVIOUS TO SAILING FOR MANILA.—DRAWN BY J. A. CAHILL.



1898—JUST PREVIOUS TO ANNEXATION, SHOWING U. S. MONITOR "MONTEREY" AND TROOP-SHIPS ON THEIR WAY TO MANILA.





1893—DURING THE HAWAIIAN REVOLUTION, SHOWING FOREIGN WAR-SHIPS LYING OFF THE CITY, AND THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING FLYING THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU, THE CAPITAL OF OUR NEW TERRITORY IN THE PACIFIC.—[See Page 726.]

IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

From Stephen Crane's Account of the Battle in the New York "World," July 14.

July 4.

The action at San Juan on July 1 was, particularly speaking, a soldiers' battle. It was like Inkermann, where the English fought half leaderless all day in a fog. Only, the Cuban forest was worse than any fog.

In civil life the newspapers would have called it a grand popular movement. It will never be forgotten as long as America has a military history.

A line of intrenched hills held by men armed with a weapon like the Mauser is not to be taken by a front attack of infantry unless the trenches have first been heavily shaken by artillery fire. Any theorist will say that it is impossible, and prove it to be impossible. But it was done, and we owe the success to the splendid gallantry of the American private soldier.

As near as one can learn, headquarters expected little or no fighting on the 1st. Lawton's division was to go by the Caney road, chase the Spaniards out of that interesting village, and then, wheeling half to the left, march down to join the other divisions in some kind of attack on San Juan at daybreak on the 2d.

But somebody had been entirely misinformed as to the strength and disposition of the Spanish forces at Caney, and instead of taking Lawton six minutes to capture the town, it took him nearly all day, as well it might.

The other divisions lying under fire, waiting for Lawton, grew annoyed at a delay which was of course not explained to them, and suddenly arose and took the formidable hills of San Juan. It was impatience suddenly exalted to one of the sublime passions.

Lawton was well out toward Caney soon after daybreak, and by seven o'clock we could hear the boom of Capron's guns in support of the infantry. The remaining divisions —Kent's and Wheeler's—were trudging slowly along the muddy trail through the forest.

When the first gun was fired a grim murmur passed along the lean column.

"They're off!" somebody said.

The marching was of necessity very slow, and even then the narrow road was often blocked. The men, weighted with their packs, cartridge-belts, and rifles, forded many streams, climbed hills, slid down banks, and forced their way through thickets.

Suddenly there was a roar of guns just ahead and a little to the left. This was Grimes's battery going into action on the hill which is called El Paso. Then, all in a moment, the quiet column moving forward was opposed by men carrying terrible burdens. Wounded Cubans were being carried to the rear. Most of them were horribly mangled.

The second brigade of dismounted American cavalry had been in support of the battery, its position being directly to the rear. Some Cubans had joined there. The Spanish shrapnel fired at the battery was often cut too long, and passing over, burst amid the supports and the Cubans.

The loss of the battery, the cavalry, and the Cubans from this fire was forty men in killed and wounded, the First regular cavalry probably suffering most grievously. Presently there was a lull in the artillery fire, and down through spaces in the trees we could see the infantry still plodding with its packs, steadily toward the front.

At about 2500 yards in front of Grimes's position on El Paso arose the gentle green hills of San Juan, dotted not too plentifully with trees—hills that resembled the sloping orchards of Orange County in summer. Here and there were houses, built evidently as summer villas, but now loopholed and barricaded. They had heavy roofs of red tiles, and were shaped much like Japanese, or, better, Javanese, houses. Here and there, too, along the crests of these curving hillocks were ashen streaks, the rifle-pits of the Spaniards.

At the principal position of the enemy were a flag, a redoubt, a block-house, and some sort of a pagoda, in the shade of which Spanish officers were wont to promenade during lulls, and negligently gossip about the battle.

At 11.25 our artillery reopened on the central blockhouse and intrenchments. The Spanish fire had been remarkably fine, but it was our turn now. Grimes had his ranges to a nicety. After the great "shout of the gun" came the broad, windy, diminishing noise of the flung shell; then a fainter boom, and a cloud of red débris out of the block-house or up from the ground near the trenches.

The Spanish infantry in the trenches fired a little volley immediately after every one of the American shells. It puzzled many to decide at what they could be firing, but it was finally resolved that they were firing just to show us that they were still there and were not afraid.

It must have been about two o'clock when the enemy's battery again retorted.

The cruel thing about this artillery duel was that our battery had nothing but old-fashioned powder, and its position was always as clearly defined as if it had been the Chicago fire. On the other hand, the Spaniards were using the best smokeless.

From El Paso to San Juan there is a broad expanse of dense forest, spotted infrequently with vividly green fields. It is traversed by a single narrow road, which leads straight between the two positions, fording two little streams. Along this road had gone our infantry, and also the military balloon.

There were two officers in the car for the greater part of the way, and there surely were never two men who valued their lives less. But they both escaped unhurt, while the balloon sank down, torn to death by the bullets that were volleyed at it by the nervous Spaniards, who suspected dynamite. It was never brought out of the woods where it recklessly met its fate.

In these woods, unknown to some, including the Spaniards, was fulminated the gorgeous plan of taking an impregnable position.

One saw a thin line of black figures moving across a field. They disappeared in the forest. The enemy was keeping up a terrific fire. Then suddenly somebody yelled, "By God, there go our boys up the hill!"

There is many a good American who would give an arm to get the thrill of patriotic insanity that coursed through us when we heard that yell.

Yes, they were going up the hill, up the hill. It was the best moment of anybody's life. An officer said to me afterward: "If we had been in that position and the Spaniards had come at us, we would have piled them up so high the last man couldn't have climbed over." But up went the regiments, with no music save that ceaseless, fierce crashing of rifles.

The foreign attachés were shocked. "It is very gallant, but very foolish," said one, sternly.

"Why, they can't take it, you know! Never in the world!" cried another. "It is slaughter!"

The Japanese shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

The road from El Paso to San Juan was now a terrible road. It should have a tragic fame like the sunken road at Waterloo. Why we did not later hang some of the gentry who contributed from the trees to the terror of this road is not known.

The wounded were stringing back from the front, hundreds of them. Some walked unaided, an arm or a shoulder having been dressed at a field station. They stopped often enough to answer the universal hail, "How is it going?" Others hobbled, or clung to a friend's shoulder. Their slit trousers exposed red bandages. A few were shot horribly in the face, and were led bleeding and blind by their mates.

And then there were the slow-pacing stretcher-bearers, with the dying or the insensible, the badly wounded, still figures, with blood often drying brick-color on their hot bandages.

Prostrate at the road-side were many others, who had made their way thus far and were waiting for strength. Everywhere moved the sure-handed, invaluable Red Cross men.

Over this scene was a sort of haze of bullets. They were of two kinds. First, the Spanish lines were firing just a trifle high. Their bullets swept over our firing-lines and poured into this devoted roadway, the single exit, even as it had been the single approach. The second fire was from the guerillas concealed in the trees and in the thickets along the trail. They had come in under the very wings of our strong advance, taken good positions on either side of the road, and were peppering our line of communication whenever they got a good target, no matter, apparently, what the target might be.

Red Cross men, wounded men, sick men, correspondents and attachés were all one to the guerilla.

At a place where the road cut through the crest of the ridge Borrowe and some of his men were working over his dynamite-gun. After the fifth discharge something had got jammed. There was never such devotion to an inanimate thing as these men give to their dynamite-gun. They will quarrel for her, starve for her, lose sleep for her, and fight for her to the last ditch. If they ever get that gun into action again, they will make her hum.

The discomfited Spaniards, recovering from their panic, opened from their second line a most furious fire. It was first directed against one part of our line, and then against another, as if they were feeling for our weakest point, fumbling around after the throat of the army.

The American reply was in measured volleys. Part of a regiment would remain on the firing-line, while the other companies rested near by under the brow of the hill. Parties were sent after the packs. The commands knew with what other organizations they were in touch on the two flanks. Otherwise they knew nothing, save that they were going to hold their ground. They said so.

From our line could be seen a long, gray, Spanish intrenchment, from 400 to 1000 yards away, according to what part of our line one measured from. From it floated no smoke, and no men appeared there, but it was making a noise like a million champagne corks.

The army was dusty, dishevelled, its hair matted to its forehead with sweat, its shirts glued to its back with the same, and indescribably dirty, thirsty, hungry, and aweary from its bundles and its marches and its fights. It sat down on the conquered crest and felt satisfied.

"Well, hell! here we are."

BOUND FOR MANILA.

Letter and Illustrations from our Special Correspondent with the Second Expedition.

On Board S.S. "China," June 22.

No place could be better fitted to study the evolution of the citizen into the trained soldier than this transport. We are all packed so closely together that the very proximity breeds confidences. There are on board a few companies of regulars and a large number of volunteers. The regulars are well shaken down, and the relation between officer and man has long since been settled according to the requirements of discipline. But "Jimmy Green," the American volunteer, is at present neither "fish, flesh, nor good red herring." He has lost his individuality as private citizen, and has not yet acquired the repose which comes to the trained soldier. He resembles a child which has reached the "naughty age."

He enlisted a long month ago, with the firm determination of dying for his country at some very distant period. He saw himself charging at the head of the whole army, and finally planting the flag on the walls of Manila, only to be shot down at the heroic moment. In his imagination he pictured a monument erected to his memory in his native town, unveiled with burning speeches by the village fathers. However, it is not given to every soldier to die for his country, and Jimmy Green finds war not at all the vivid succession of intense and pleasing emotions he had thought it. Quite the contrary, it means giving up most of the things that make life comfortable.

If there is one thing that he has always prided himself on, it is that he has never been bossed. Now he is ordered about and made to do that which is not only distasteful to him, but the utility of which he questions. He is required to work hard, and at night to sleep in stifling quarters, "upon uneasy pallets stretching him," kept awake by the spasmodic promptings of seasickness. When he slapped his old chum Billy, now a commissioned officer, on the back yesterday, the latter took him aside and told him he must not do so any more. And yet, with all his trouble, he does his duty without grumbling, and is really a hero without knowing it.

The only complaining I have heard is about the quantity of rations, and here the inexperience of the volunteer officer is plainly to be seen. In some way the same rations which are amply sufficient for the regulars fail to supply the needs of the men under the inexperienced management of the volunteer commissary. I see the rations every day, and must say, as they come to the volunteer, they have been rather scant. However, the volunteer commissary is learning every day. It is noticeable, moreover, that the men do not take kindly to hardtack and want too much meat.

All these family troubles are the result of our system of going to war without being prepared. The resulting difficulties and hardships cannot be avoided, and must be borne. The one adverse criticism that can with justice be made on the organization of our volunteer army is that men have been appointed or elected to positions of responsibility on account of "pull" and popularity rather than any solid qualification for their work. On this account, in some of the departments, all of the hard work falls on the regulars, and they should have the credit of it.

The volunteer officers have, perhaps, more difficulty than their men in adjusting themselves to their new positions, because their duties are more complicated. The great question with them is how to treat the private—to be intimate and yet not to lose dignity. At home in the regiment it was a matter of happy-go-lucky good-fellowship, which will hardly do in actual war-time. One officer exclaimed, the other day, "I am obliged to treat the men sharply in order to bring them into form, and I am getting more unpopular every day."

It will take time to bring about a proper relation between the man of the line and his officer, but, when once established, it will be based on a truer sympathy than

COMPANY K, 1st NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS, CHEERING THE HAWAIIAN FLAG.

TROOPS FROM THE TRANSPORTS IN FRONT OF THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

FIRST SUNDAY OUT FROM SAN FRANCISCO—CHURCH SERVICE ON TRANSPORT "CHINA."

exists in the armies of Europe. There is one abuse, however, which, if not put a stop to, is likely to prove detrimental to discipline. Owing to the limited number of correspondents allowed on the Philippine expedition, the newspapers of the country have hit on a plan to make Uncle Sam pay for the news they get. I am, so far as I know, the only accredited correspondent on this expedition, and yet there are on this ship alone six enlisted privates who correspond regularly with newspapers at home. These men make no secret of their business, and even go so far as to have "staff correspondent" printed in blood-red letters on their cards. The result is already making itself felt, for these men lead in the complaints which have

"JIMMY GREEN" ASHORE AT HONOLULU.

been made. They are bound to use the press to criticise their officers. Such of the latter as have political aspirations will be afraid of becoming unpopular at home. In other words, these privates will have the power of the press back of them to resist the necessarily unpleasant part of serious discipline. The objection to officers acting as newspaper correspondents is even stronger on account of their position of trust. In no other army with which I have been acquainted are officers or men allowed to do newspaper work.

The regulars are not without their trouble, the chief of which seems to be that Congress, after refusing for years to pass the army reform bill, suddenly started in to reform the army at the very time when it should have been left to do its work without being handicapped with intricate changes. Experienced men were taken from each company to give a basis for the four new companies in each regiment. Not content with this, the companies were recruited up from forty-eight men to 104 or 105—the war strength. A few men might have been digested by each company in the short time given for preparation without impairing its efficiency. But an average of sixty-six raw recruits to each company certainly weakens its organic strength.

At the last moment before embarking, a new change was made in the eight regular companies of this expedition. All new recruits were left behind, and twenty-nine experienced men from other companies were added to each of the eight companies. Each company on this expedition counts seventy-five men, of whom twenty-nine are absolutely unknown to their officers, while at the beginning of the war the regular officer knew accurately the capacity of all of his men. In addition to this process of weakening dilution and unadvised changes, all the companies are without their regular quota of officers. These have been promoted to positions in the volunteer service. Some companies have only one officer, and consequently the duties of first lieutenant and second lieutenant fall on the shoulders of non-commissioned officers, who, of necessity, are not equal to the work.

I give all these details to show under what disadvantages the commanders of our forces are laboring, and it seems that, considering the difficulties, the organization and direction of these expeditions have been handled with remarkable smoothness. We carry 3500 men in four transports. In a day or two General Anderson will arrive at Manila with the first expedition of 2500 men. There are at Camp Merritt about 14 000 troops left. The transportation of 20,000 soldiers across the Pacific Ocean constitutes one of the greatest military expeditions of the age. The greatness of the undertaking can only be realized when one remembers that six weeks ago there were no troops, no equipments, and no transports ready.

With sunrise we saw the green hills above Honolulu, and very welcome was the sight to our sea-wearied eyes. A heavy mist hung over the city, which slowly lifted as

(*Continued on page 724.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

RECIPES SENT FREE.

THE N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, send free upon request a pamphlet of recipes very valuable to housekeepers. They are the proprietors of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Best infant food.—[*Adv.*]

CAN go all day without fatigue—sentiment of women who take ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters. —[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

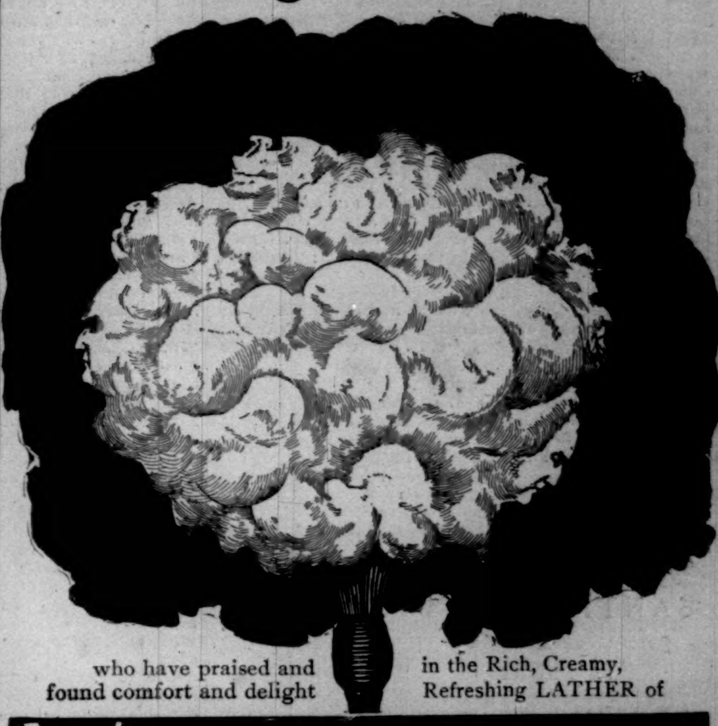
USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Improved
BOSTON GARTER
adds neatness and comfort to the wearing of
LOW SHOES
Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles
DOES NOT BIND

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies Flat to the leg and cannot unfasten accidentally
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair by Mail } Silk, 50c. Cotton, 25c.
GEORGE FROST CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Distinguished Men



who have praised and found comfort and delight in the Rich, Creamy, Refreshing LATHER of

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.

Send us the names of any 2 of these men, with a 2c.-stamp to cover postage, and by return mail we will send you a sample cake of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents.
Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cents.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
LONDON, 64 Great Russell St., W. C. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, 161 Clarence St.

Pepsalt...

Is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with **Pepsalt** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

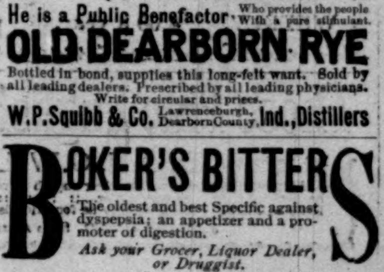
Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO., 45 Sheriff St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him
That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

Olivette Relish



Made of Queen Olives, rare herbs, spices and a delicious sauce. An absolutely new and unique condiment and food combined. Tempting and appetizing. Get a jar at your grocers.
SEVILLE PACKING COMPANY NEW YORK.
EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.

On your Summer Outing take a box of Huyler's
DELICIOUS BONBONS CHOCOLATES
Sent Everywhere by mail or express.
863 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

He is a Public Benefactor Who provides the people With a pure stimulant.
OLD DEARBORN RYE
Bottled in bond, supplies this long-felt want. Sold by all leading dealers. Prescribed by all leading physicians.
Write for circular and prices.
W. P. Squibb & Co. Lawrenceburgh, Dearborn County, Ind., Distillers

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.
Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R
New York Warerooms SOHMER BUILDING Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.

(Continued from page 723.)

we entered the harbor. At the wharf a few people with a brass band had already gathered to meet us, but most of Honolulu was still asleep. Gradually it awoke and came down to the wharf. The soldiers were not allowed to leave the ship; and the people expressed disappointment, for they wished to take the soldier and regale him with the best they had, and prove that they were really worthy of annexation. Later the men were marched down a long dusty road to the sea-shore, where they all had a good swim. Between the sand-bar, half a mile out, and the shore 1000 soldiers plunged as in a huge bath-tub. All were afterwards refreshed with a good meal along great tables in the palm-filled garden of the palace, under the green canopy of lofty trees. The girls of Honolulu, in their best frocks of white muslin and bright ribbons, pounced upon the soldiers and strung wreaths of flowers about their necks. Watching the scene, I turned to an old citizen of Honolulu and asked him: "Why do you wish for annexation? You seem perfectly happy without it." He tucked his arm under mine and led me up to lunch at the officers' club, which had opened its heart and its doors wide to the American officers. He stopped me before the club door and pointed out to me a long line of polished quick-firing guns.

"Have you noticed those Maxims? The childlike native sometimes wakes up. We never know when it is coming." On the island the question of annexation is the question of the sugar interest. Take away the reciprocity treaty, and the island is lost, according to the sugar-growers.

Just so long as annexation has not taken place this danger lies before them. The island is very rich, and sugar stock pays from twenty to forty per cent. interest, but great risks are taken by the capital invested. J. F. BASS.

SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

IN FRONT OF SANTIAGO.

July 2, 1898.

A WOODED valley full of wooded hills, and marked here and there by a group of royal palms holding court high above the rolling sweep of green, runs between the coast mountains and the coast hills. Santiago sits at the foot of the valley and just under the sunset—amphitheatrical in shape, and facing the sea. On the other side of the town big spurs from the mountains, and on this side the foot-hills take the water-line for the mouth of Santiago Bay. The march, therefore, has been down this valley, and towards a daily afterglow of such divine peace and beauty that any such hell of human fire and passion as raged under it yesterday seemed out of question for a thousand years. All we have been able to see of Santiago hitherto have been long brick hospitals with Red Cross flags over them; this side of them, the little pagodalike fort of San Juan; this side of it, rifle-pits and a hill, almost vertical, opposite the spot where the road emerges from the woods, but of easier, but nowhere easy, slope to the right; at the base of this a level, green, semicircular, orchardlike little valley, and then the woods through which leads the main road from headquarters to Santiago, and which was the Lane of Death during the battle; and afterwards the way of entrance into Santiago was through the fort of San Juan. But about five miles up the valley to the right, and at the base of the coast mountains, is the quaint little red-roofed town of Caney, with a stone fort to the right of it, and a block-house, to the right, farther still. It would be just as well to take these three in on the way to Santiago to avoid being annoyed in the rear and to bag a few hundred prisoners. So the plan of the battle, so far as any mortal can make it out, seems to have been for General Chaffee to do this bagging as a sort of post-prandial (the troops went into action, however, I believe, without breakfast—certainly without coffee) amusement that would leave the division in a fine mettle to be led into Santiago by General Lawton. Meanwhile General Wheeler and General Kent were to lead their divisions up the main road and join Lawton's division for the advance into Santiago when the work at Caney was done. A battery of four guns was placed to the left, and on one of the foot-hills at a deserted hacienda called El Paso to pound San Juan, and a battery of four guns was placed to the right, and on a high knoll in the valley, to batter down the stone fort and, if necessary, to shell Caney. Both batteries began before seven o'clock, and from that hour, until the charge at four o'clock in the afternoon, there was a steady musket-fire around the block-house, stone fort, and town. The Cubans, who were attacking the block-house, lay out in the bush a mile distant, blazed away their ammunition, and blandly asked for more. General Chaffee stalked up and down his firing-line, swearing affectionately at his men, and getting a button shot from the breast of his blouse, while the men who, at dawn, were slipping through the brush for fear that the Spaniards would see them and run (!) were being potted at the ratio of one out of seven as they hugged the ground—but for all that advancing steadily. The guns had emptied the stone fort, thrown a few shells into the town, but were utterly unable to stir the Spaniards from their rifle-pits. Meanwhile Grimes had opened on San Juan from the left; General Wheeler had marched through the woods; the balloon had floated along high above the woods, directing the Spanish fire accurately to the columns advancing underneath. General Kent had advanced too, and both divisions had deployed to right and left, fighting through the chaparral as a swimmer fights his way through choppy waves, and trying to reform their hopelessly scattered troops into line under a heavy fire that was dropping more officers, in proportion, than men, and everybody was asking, "Where the hell is Chaffee?" General Chaffee was making slowly towards the stone fort about that hour, and was doubtless making up his mind that to take it he would have to do what Kent and Wheeler were forced to do at once, and that was to afford the unparalleled military spectacle of charging with flesh and blood, without preparation by proper artillery fire, and under magazine fire, against an intrenched enemy with unlimited ammunition—and twice that day this spectacle came to pass.

General Hawkins, who was left with only the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, saw that he must either withdraw his brigade or lead it forward, and but one of these two movements was possible for that brave old general. His trumpets sounded forward, and in the front line with his men the general himself stepped into the tall grass of that little valley of death, and made for the intrenchments on top of the vertical hill. Colonel Woods's brigade was charging at the same time to the right, and later, the "Rough Riders," who had worked their way to the front, broke through a skirmish-line of regulars, and with Roosevelt leading them on horseback, took a fortified casa to the right—Roosevelt killing a Spaniard with his pistol; and by the time that Kent and Wheeler thus held the first Spanish line of rifle-pits on the crest of the hill, Chaffee was drawing close to charge the stone fort at Caney. By four o'clock both extraordinary feats were done, and the nation should bow low before the American soldier.

There is nothing that daunts the American soldier—defective organization, deficient equipment, hen-coop life on board of transport, heat and fever of tropics, insufficient transportation, lack of food, lack of protection by artillery fire—nothing that daunts the American soldier. I have seen nothing from him but patience, cheerfulness, kindness, and affection for his stanch and dauntless friend—the officer of the line—and nothing, in return, but watchful, self-sacrificing care. There will be others to sing the deeds of the superiors, and always deeds aplenty to be sung, but I lift my voice for the plain soldier and the officer of the line. And what a pleasure it is to have it again proved that there is no better plain soldier than the American gentleman and volunteer!

The killed and wounded are near 1500, although the small bullets, the long range, and the ineffective Spanish artillery fire make it probable that the per cent. of mortality among the wounded will be small. JOHN FOX, JR.

THE "BOURGOGNE" DISASTER.

BY VICTOIRE LACASSE,

THE ONLY WOMAN SURVIVOR OF THE WRECK.

EARLY in the morning of July 4 I was awakened by the shrill sound of the fog-horn. Unable to sleep, I partly dressed and lay down again. About five o'clock I was startled by a terrible crash, and jumped up screaming. While I finished dressing, my husband went up on deck to see what had happened. Rushing back to me, he said: "We are sinking! Hurry!" I went up half dressed; my husband rushed back to get life-preservers, and we put them on on deck, helping other ladies with theirs, as they did not seem to know how to put them on.

VICTOIRE LACASSE.

By that time the deck was crowded with people, all with awe-stricken faces, who were standing about, not realizing yet the full extent of the danger, and waiting in ignorance for some one to tell them what to do and where to go.

Among the passengers were several priests; one of them was going about giving a last blessing to the frightened groups of people that knelt around him, resigned to the sad fate which awaited them. The priest was calm and quiet, showing none of the emotion of the other passengers, never giving a thought to his own safety, going about without a life-preserver.

The captain was standing on the bridge, giving orders. His voice was lost in the din of the confusion; his figure stood out against the gray of the sky, and he met his fate with resignation.

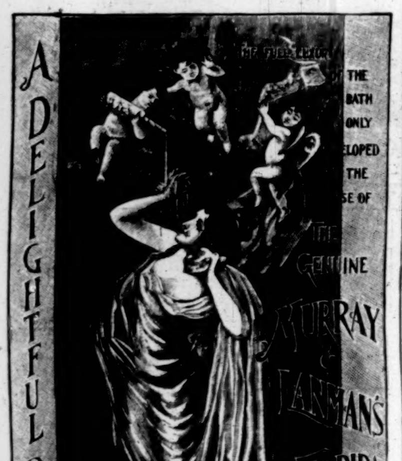
Suddenly the ship gave a list on the starboard side, which made it almost impossible for us to stand on our feet. We climbed into a life-boat already filled with frightened men and women. We only staid in it a few minutes, however, as we saw they were not cutting the ropes. My husband made me jump on deck, and dragged me toward a raft on the stern. We hardly had reached it when the ship gave a last lurch to one side, and we both fell into the water near the raft. My husband swam to it, dragging me along. He climbed on it, helped me on to it almost unconscious, and I staid kneeling without a movement. The raft was soon surrounded by a crowd of swimmers, and twenty got on it.

The ship, which had at first slanted sidewise in the water, before sinking turned bow up, and went down with a tremendous noise, made by the rush of air and water. As she went down she gave a fearful roar. It was almost like a human being sinking to his death with a dying gasp.

As the water rushed back over the ship the suction caused a fearful whirlpool, which carried around in its awful turning crowds of bodies of the dead and living covering the surface of the water. The whirlpool spread, and our raft began to be dragged into it, when a piece of wreckage suddenly struck us a blow which threw us out of the course of the whirlpool, and thus got us out of danger. Around us rose cries of human voices calling and imploring for aid. Some poor creatures who were struggling with death would swim to a raft, and when they would reach it, exhausted, would be turned away, every piece of wreckage being overloaded.

The fog which had surrounded us cleared just then, the sun came out on the scene of the disaster, where

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Harper's Catalogue

Descriptive list of their publications, with *portraits of authors*, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Nothing has been left undone which could be expected to make them more and more contemporaneous, more and more useful to the hour—at the same time they have a permanent value.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

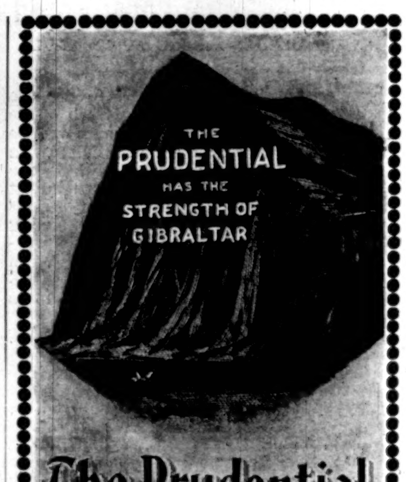
HARPER'S PERIODICALS

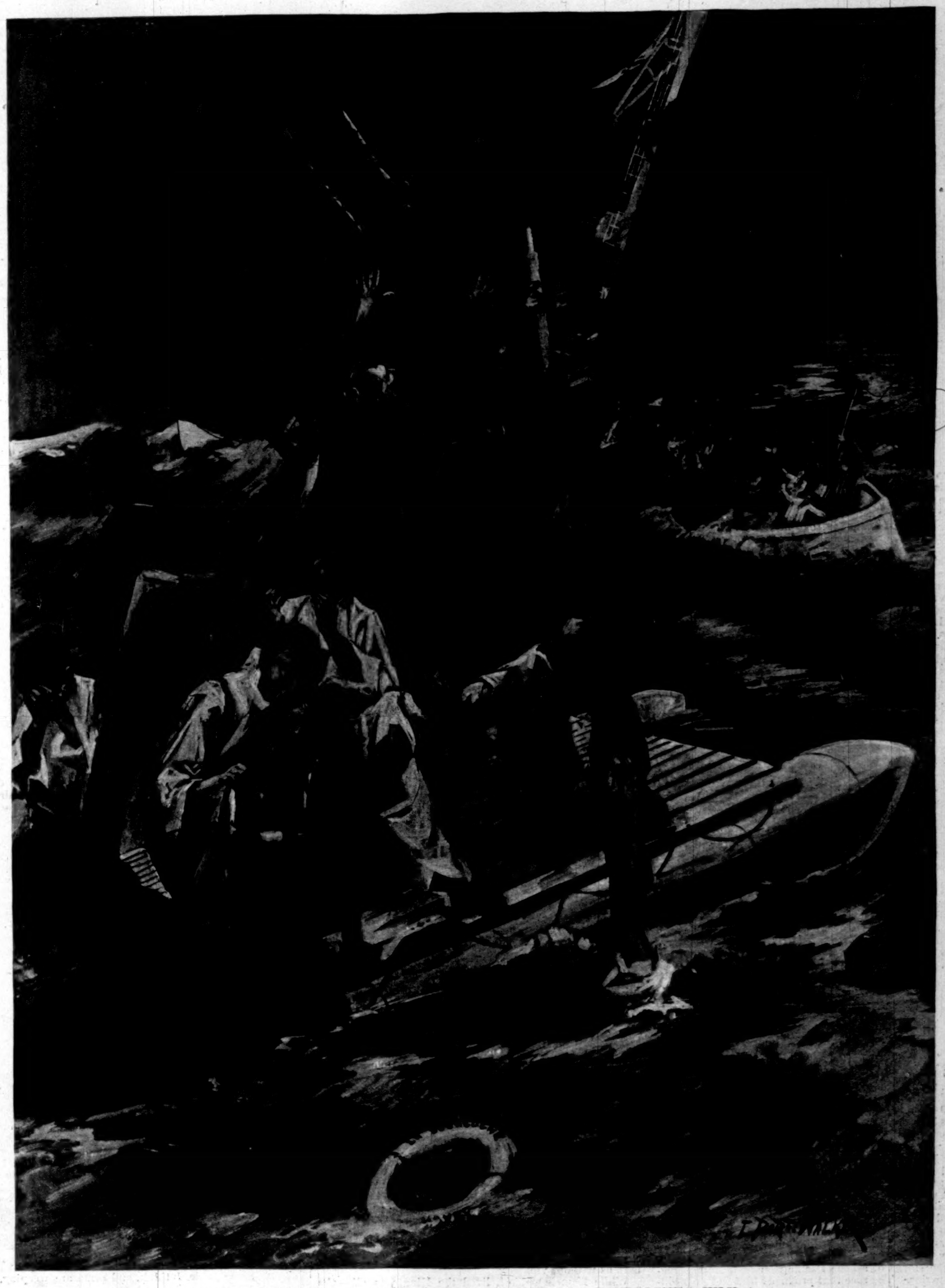
MAGAZINE, $4 00 a year. BAZAR, - - $4 00 a year.
WEEKLY, 4 00 a year. ROUND TABLE, 1 00 a year.

Those Fine English Tobaccos — *Capstan, Bird's Eye, Westward Ho, Three Castles, Gold Flake, etc.*

Put up by W. D. & H. O. WILLS of Bristol, England, and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.





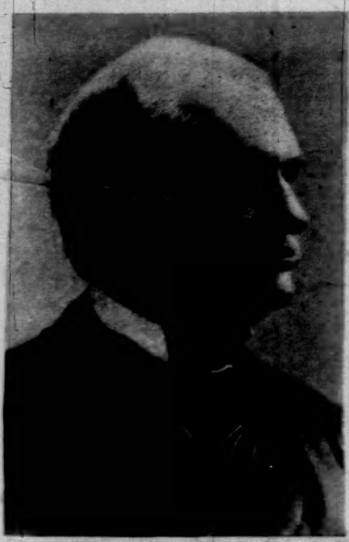
THE SINKING OF THE FRENCH LINE STEAMER "LA BOURGOGNE," JULY 4.

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER FROM DESCRIPTIONS FURNISHED BY SURVIVORS.

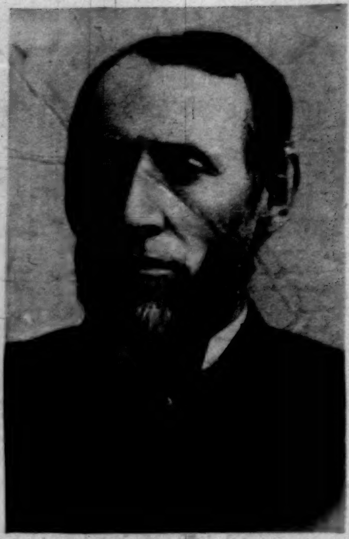
remained only a mass of wreckage, among which were three rafts and one boat, the last being upside down, with about thirty people clinging to it. Two other boats were already far away. A boat filled with women had been unfortunately struck by the funnel of the sinking ship, which caused the loss of the lives of all those in it. Another life-boat, which was filled with men and women, was cut from the davits just as the ship was going down; but it was too late, and, being overcrowded, it sank with all its human load.

For two hours no ship was sighted. It would have been impossible to pass a night on the raft, wet through, as we were partly submerged, hungry, thirsty, and faint. Suddenly a man on board of our raft called out there was a sail in sight. No one believed him at first, but we soon realized that it was truly so. This gave a new energy to us all, and we began to row in that direction. In the mean time our anxiety was terrible for fear the ship would not notice us; but a couple of hours afterwards we came in good sight of her, and realized that it was the ship which had sunk *La Bourgogne*, as her forward part was all crushed. After what seemed to us ages, a boat was detached and sent to our aid. One of the rafts was taken in tow, and two hours after came our turn. A rope was thrown over to our raft and attached to the forward part. But as a swell came up and raised our raft up, and lowered the boat, the rope snapped in two. Three times we tried again, and finally succeeded in being towed to the side of the *Cromartyshire*, where we were taken on board, exhausted and soaked through. Never did a place look so beautiful to me as the quiet cabin of this sailing-ship, with its homelike appearance of birds and plants belonging to the captain's wife.

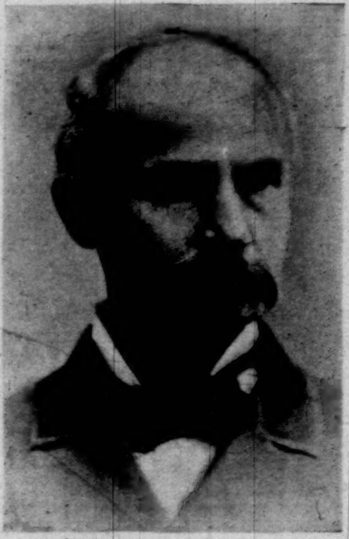
Four hours later the *Græcian* was sighted and hailed. Small boats took on board the survivors of our ill-fated ship, except my husband and myself. The *Cromartyshire* was towed by the *Græcian* to Halifax, where we landed on July 6. Never did any land look to us more comforting and lovely than the banks of Nova Scotia, and we realized more than ever the horrible nightmare we had been through and our narrow escape from death.



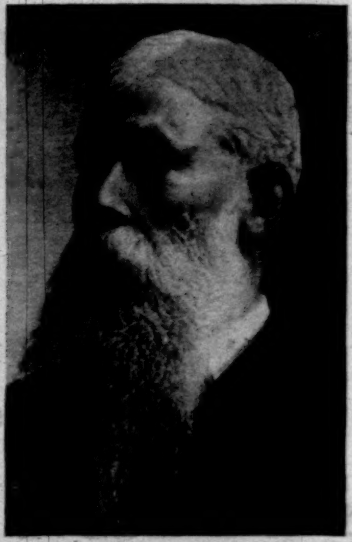
SENATOR MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.
Photograph by Bell.



SENATOR CULLOM, OF ILLINOIS.



CONGRESSMAN HITT, OF ILLINOIS.
Photograph by Bell.



PRESIDENT DOLE OF HAWAII.

COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT McKINLEY FOR FRAMING LAWS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

I.

Two chapters in the story hold most of the plot: two periods separated by a century will take us, if we can realize them, in an instant, almost, and in a glance of the eye, to the essential and significant thing in Hawaiian history. The first period is that of the conquests of Kamehameha I., or Kamehameha the Great—as great a savage as one would have cared to know—and this period includes also the extension and maintenance of his rule as savage autocrat of the island group. And that seems only yesterday, in one way. Kamehameha's war-cloak of mamo feathers draped the bier of Kalakaua in 1891, when the body of the last of the kings lay in state. Into the second period we may gather, and gather without crowding (as three gold pieces may lie easily in a pocket), the overthrow of the monarchy, the establishment of a republic, and annexation to the United States. News of the day, as this page is written, comes in the form of a despatch telling us that the Hawaiian Islands have been attached to the Department of California, now under the command of Major-General Merriam; that orders were issued to-day assigning, for the time being, the First New York Volunteer Regiment of Infantry to the *Department of California, for duty at Honolulu.*

II.

When Captain Cook, seeking a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic in 1778, happened upon this isolated, strangely beautiful outpost of the Western Hemisphere, he noted its attractions to good purpose, and with an enthusiasm that betrays itself in a tendency to exaggerate certain details. A year later, in the winter of 1779, he returned from Alaska, to be worshipped as a god for a time, and then to be killed by the natives, who took that emphatic means of expressing their remonstrance against the human frailties of this bluff famous navigator.

Kamehameha, a nephew of Chief (or King) Kalaniopuu, was living in Hawaii at the time, and, tradition says, was a witness of this tragedy. Now Kalaniopuu died in 1782, and in the division of his estates Kamehameha got control of two districts in the island. The assassination of his only prominent rival, the late King's son, made him lord of the remaining districts in 1791; then by force, by craft, and especially by enlisting the services of English sailors (who appear to have been delighted to do their part with fire-arms and fire-water), he became overlord of at least seven of the eight inhabited islands. This result was attained in 1810. Meantime (1792–1794) Captain George Vancouver visited Hawaii several times, with a better motive and with beneficent results, for he brought cattle and sheep, unknown before, and gifts of seeds and useful plants. Kamehameha died in 1819—not before long-continued success had proved his wisdom in holding and governing new territory (a little empire, in fact), as well as splendid talent for extending his boundaries. The total area of these eight islands is one-third greater than that of Connecticut—not a small matter to keep in hand when voyages from one island to another were made in war-canoes.

That was the heroic age of Hawaii, when its population of Kanakas was perhaps ten times as numerous as at present, and the 300,000 Kanaka men and women were physically as superb, maybe, as those distant South Sea cousins of theirs with whom Robert Louis Stevenson made us so well acquainted. Certainly no other savage or barbarian, in all the stories of all the Pacific islands, is Kamehameha's superior. The race that produced him had possibilities within itself.

But just what possibilities we shall never know. In 1891 (Kalakaua then lying in state under Kamehameha's feather cloak) only 34,436 pure Hawaiians were left, with 6186 half-castes, in a total population of 89,900. In other words, only forty-five per cent. of the total population of the country were then pure Hawaiians or half-castes, while the foreigners—Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and other Europeans and Americans—constituted fifty-five per cent. The census of 1896 shows a further loss for one element and gains for the other elements, as follows: Hawaiians, 31,019; part Hawaiians, 8485; Americans, 3086; British, 2250; Germans, 1432; French, 101; Norwegians, 378; Portuguese, 15,191; Japanese, 24,407; Chinese, 21,616; South Sea Islanders, 455; other nationalities, 600—total population, 109,020. So far as the pure Hawaiians are concerned, this means a decrease of 9.9 per cent. between the years 1890 and 1896. In 1832 the native population was about 130,000. It is apparent from these figures that the rate of decrease among aborigines has of late been somewhat checked, but this is inconsiderable in view of all the circumstances.

And with this statement we find that we have advanced from the beginning to the end of the century; that we are already in the midst of the second period, and know how to explain its happenings.

Liliuokalani was made Queen on the 29th of January, 1891. Two years later, when she had "announced her intention to arbitrarily promulgate a new constitution," as the report of the Committee of Safety put it, a popular uprising dispossessed her. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government was abrogated, and a provisional government was proclaimed, January 17, 1893; and at this juncture the United States cruiser *Boston* (Captain Wiltse), which had opportunely arrived three days before, landed a force of 162 officers and men—marines and bluejackets—with a Gatling gun and a 37-millimetre revolving gun, to protect the lives and property of American citizens. Professor Alexander, in his *History of the later Years of the Hawaiian Monarchy and the Revolution of 1893*, makes the very cautious statement that "the knowledge of the fact that the United States troops were on shore undoubtedly served to repress disorder, and gave the community a grateful sense of security. There was a band concert at the Hawaiian Hotel that evening, which was well attended!"

Commissioners sent to this country to ask for annexation reached Washington at the beginning of February; our minister at Honolulu assumed a protectorate February 9, and President Harrison's message of February 15 recommended annexation. Two days later an envoy of Queen Liliuokalani came to win sympathy and aid for a lost cause, and presently the governments of other nations as well were addressed in favor of her restoration. The treaty of annexation was withdrawn by President Cleveland, who sent ex-Representative James H. Blount, of Georgia, as a special commissioner to take evidence and report the actual condition of affairs (March 11). By Mr. Blount's order our flag was removed from the government building in Honolulu. On May 9 Mr. Blount was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Hawaiian Islands; on the 22d of August he returned to Washington; Albert S. Willis, of Kentucky, received his appointment as minister a fortnight later, and presented his credentials to President Dole, of the Provisional Government, November 7. The ardent controversy that accompanied these "moves," here so briefly stated, makes an interesting chapter by itself; it is not essential in this story, for events proved that the actual power had passed out of Kanaka hands. On July 4, 1894, the Republic of Hawaii was proclaimed, with Sanford B. Dole as President. The commercial relations of the new republic with this country were so intimate that in 1895 the United States took 99.04 per cent. of all Hawaiian exports (total value in that year, $8,474,138 15), while supplying 79.04 per cent. of all Hawaiian imports (total value in 1895, $5,714,017 54). On July 6, 1898, the United States Senate, by a two-thirds vote, passed the Newlands annexation resolution. President McKinley's signature was affixed the next day.

III.

The change wrought during the years that intervened between the apotheosis of Captain Cook and the landing of Captain Wiltse's marines should be shown with rather more detail, for it is perhaps the most perfect example that history offers of the displacement of vigorous barbarians without violence.

While Kamehameha I. lived the King was all—the strongest, bravest, and most skilful warrior; absolute master of the land, and of every life and of every product; defender also of the ancient religion. His reign extended to May 8, 1819. The first American missionaries (from Boston) arrived April 4, 1820. It has been customary to ascribe all the changes to the efforts of Bingham and Thurston and their successors, but the records will not support any such contention. Disintegration of the old system had been begun by European man-o'-war's men, who could work incredible destruction with their powder and shot. These Europeans believed that mere men were superior to the forces of nature which the Hawaiians had blindly worshipped. The Hawaiian, accordingly, learned part of an indispensable lesson from rough seamen.

Kamehameha II. publicly defied the system of "tabu" in October, 1819; the idols and their temples were burnt; and when Bingham and Thurston reached Kailaua Bay, April 4, 1820, some of the rough preliminary work had already been done. The fact seems to be, therefore, that the islanders got the seed of their new faith at a time when the old faith had been uprooted.

In 1823 Kamehameha II. (or Liholiho), accompanied by his wife and six chiefs, visited England. A few weeks after arrival the King and Queen were attacked by disease, and died. Their remains were taken back by Lord Byron (the poet's cousin), commanding the frigate *Blonde*.

The first treaty between the Hawaiian Islands and the United States was concluded in 1826. In the following year Roman Catholic missionaries from France arrived, but never quite succeeded in making themselves at home. In 1832 they were deported to California. Returning in 1837, they barely secured the privilege of landing; and this permission was positively withheld from other representatives of the same faith and nationality. The French frigate *Artémise* reached Honolulu July 9, 1839, requiring an indemnity of $20,000, and a proclamation of full religious liberty. Of course this demand was acceded to; in fact, a "declaration of rights" preceded it by a month, and an edict of toleration by several weeks.

In 1840 the first constitution was proclaimed, providing for a legislature to consist of two houses, on the English plan. Between 1840 and 1843 a series of disputes with France and England culminated in a provisional cession to England, February 25, 1843, which was declined by the government of that country. Near the close of the year a joint declaration by France and England was published, recognizing the independence of the islands, and engaging "never to take possession, either directly or under the title of protectorate, or under any other form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

Liberty with a French, English, and American accent was speaking to these islanders who half a century before had been slaves of a clever savage chieftain. But America was coming very near, through the settlement of California. In 1850 the suggestion of a United States protectorate was declined by our government. A constitution providing for universal suffrage in the choice of members of the lower house was adopted in 1852.

The election of David Kalakaua as successor to King William Lunalilo, in 1874, brought to the already insecure office a person whose arbitrary methods alienated his friends, and whose dishonest practices utterly destroyed the credit of the monarchy. But instead of rehearsing the scandals of his reign, we may prefer to remember that they were personal, and therefore all covered (after he had died at San Francisco, in 1891, and after the cruiser *Charleston* had carried his remains back to Honolulu) by the yellow-feather mantle of the founder of the dynasty—who, "when six spears were cast at once at him, caught three, parried two, and avoided the sixth by a quick movement of the body," as Vancouver relates.

Which brings us back to the point of departure.

Marrion Wilcox.

GHOSTS.

Sadly and mistily they wander
By land and sea,
I watch them roaming here and yonder
Untiringly.
They pass before me like dim seemings
Of living things,
Then melt into the faint star-gleamings
On viewless wings.

Some smile, I think, and some are weeping,
As if they knew
That passionate hearts are striving, reaping,
To crown the few;
That grief is still the lot of many,
That death alone
Is the one certain peace for any,
The one end known.

They pass before me, shadows merely,
In drifting hosts,
Holding their shrouded heads austerely—
These silent ghosts.
These ghosts whose long-forgotten voices
And sightless eyes
Remind me that nature still rejoices,
Though all life dies.

George Edgar Montgomery.

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."

From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:

Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me. Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other interesting matter.

ALL DRUGGISTS. *AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.*

PARIS: 41 Boulevard Haussman. LONDON: 83 Mortimer Street. MONTREAL: 28-30 Hospital Street.

The Best is the Cheapest

Rae's Olive Oil is both the best and cheapest, quality considered.

The Chemical Analysis of S. Rae & Co.'s **Finest Sublime Lucca Oil, made Sept. 15th, 1896, by the Ledoux Chemical Laboratory, declares it to be "unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of Superior Quality and Flavor."**

S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

Established 1836.

The Biographical Thackeray

The authorized life of Thackeray has, in accordance with his own expressed desire, never been written. His life is in his books, and Mrs. Ritchie has written, as an introduction to each volume, a memoir of the book itself. The illustrations are by the Author, Richard Doyle, George du Maurier, Frederick Walker, George Cruikshank, Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., Luke Fildes, R.A., Charles Keene, Frank Dicksee, R.A., and F. Barnard. Several facsimiles of manuscript are given, as well as portraits of the author, hitherto unpublished.

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

April 15: **Vanity Fair.** May 17: **Pendennis.** June 17: **Yellowplush Papers, Etc.**

JUST PUBLISHED:

The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.

The Fitzboodle Papers; Catharine; Men's Wives, etc. With Sixteen full-page Illustrations by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., and Luke Fildes, R.A., fourteen wood-cuts by the Author, and a Biographical Introduction by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

The other volumes will be issued in the following order: 5. "Sketch Books," etc. 6. "Contributions to *Punch*." 7. "Esmond," etc. 8. "Newcomes." 9. "Christmas Books," etc. 10. "Virginians." 11. "Philip," etc. 12. "Denis Duval," etc. 13. "Miscellanies," etc. The entire edition will be completed by April 15, 1899.

W. M. Thackeray's Complete Works. Biographical Edition. Comprising Additional Material and Hitherto Unpublished Letters, Sketches, and Drawings. Derived from the Author's Original Manuscripts and Note-books. Edited by the Author's Surviving Daughter, Mrs. ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE. 13 volumes. To be issued monthly, as far as possible in chronological order. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $1 50 per volume.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

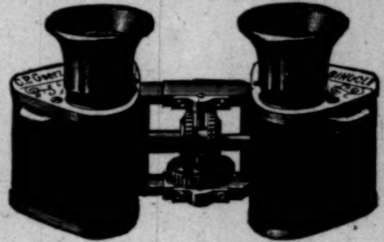
Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

WONDERFUL TRIËDER BINOCULARS



½ Actual Size.

Prices Range From $44.50 to $72.50.

C. P. GOERZ, 52 Union Sq. (East), N.Y. City

Have **8** to **10** times the power of the best of the old-style field and opera glasses.

Pocket size—invaluable for Army and Navy, War Correspondents, Race Meets, Regattas, Travel, and the Theatre.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue. For sale by leading jewelers and opticians throughout the United States. Among them:

New York—Theodore B. Starr, F. G. Schmidt.
Brooklyn—J. B. Hoecker, 312 Fulton St.
Chicago—C. D. Peacock, Spaulding & Co., Hyman, Berg & Co., N. Watzy, H. Borsch.
Philadelphia—Queen & Co., Bonschur & Holmes.
Washington—Franklin & Co., Moore & Leding, D. N. Walford.
Boston—Pinkham & Smith.
St. Louis—A. S. Aloe Co., Erker Bros.
San Francisco—Hirsch & Kayser.

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

We originated and patented the Kodak. We originated and registered the word Kodak. "Kodak" is our exclusive trade-mark and refers only to film cameras of *our* manufacture. Do not accept any other camera as a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

CHEW

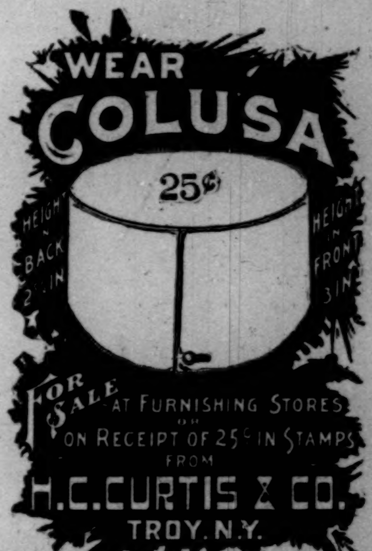
Beeman's

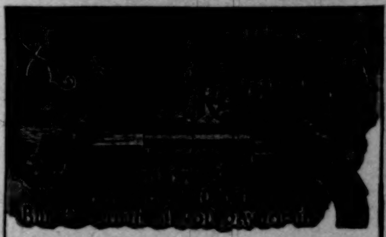
The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.





Revolvers never disappoint.

15 Stockbridge St.,
SPRINGFIELD. - - MASS.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.